



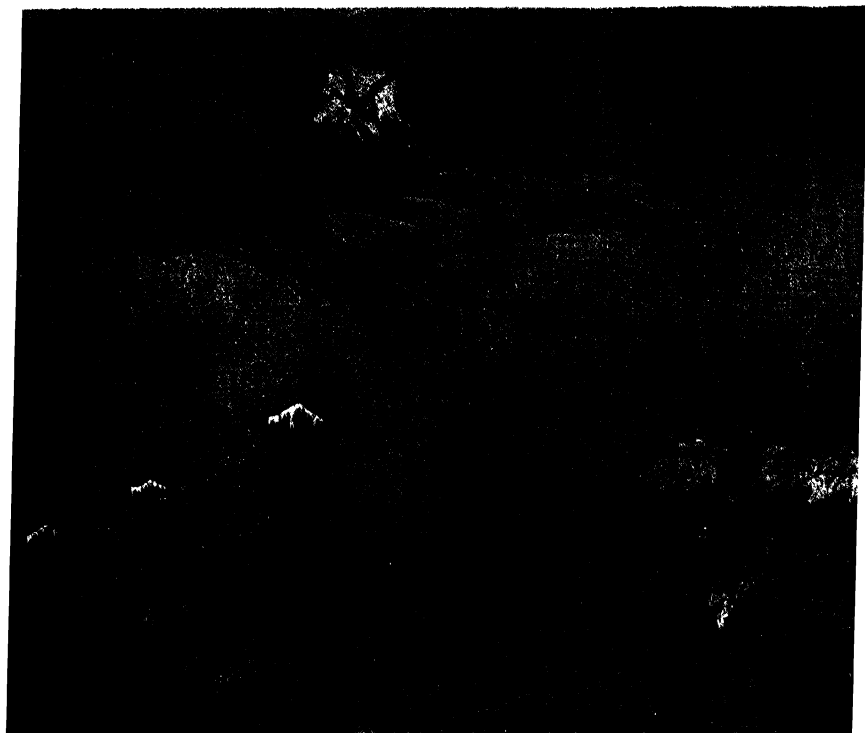
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John D. Schiff

EMBROIDERY AT HEART MOUNTAIN, WYOMING

PROBABLY MORE PEOPLE IN PROPORTION TO THE POPULATION DID EMBROIDERY AT HEART MOUNTAIN THAN IN ANY OTHER OF THE TEN CENTERS. THIS PIECE BY MR. NAGAHAMA, THE PIONEER TEACHER, RECORDS THREE SYMBOLS OF THIS CAMP: HEART MOUNTAIN, BARBED WIRE, AND THE TAR-PAPER-COVERED BARRACKS.

BEAUTY BEHIND BARBED WIRE

The Arts of the Japanese in Our
War Relocation Camps

BY

ALLEN H. EATON

*Author of Immigrant Gifts to American Life, Handicrafts of the
Southern Highlands, Handicrafts of New England*

I L L U S T R A T E D

FOREWORD BY

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK

BEAUTY BEHIND BARBED WIRE

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I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

in grateful memory to my grandfather on my mother's side, Honorable Jim Hendershott, who drove an ox team across the plains from Iowa to the Oregon Country in 1852 and who, in the 1880's on a date never recorded, but vividly remembered, "uninvited," and in my small presence, met a posse of excited men in a grist mill in Grande Ronde Valley and persuaded them not to burn the houses and hang the Chinamen of our village who, at the time "threatened the existence of the United States with the Yellow Peril."

Art when really understood is the province of every human being. It is simply a question of doing things, anything well. It is not an outside extra thing. . . . He does not have to be a painter or a sculptor to be an artist. He can work in any medium. He simply has to find the gain in the work itself, not outside it.

ROBERT HENRI

In Japan children are taught from infancy to use their imaginations, especially in the perception of hidden beauty. The poorest, unable to buy any work of human art, become independent of such extraneous aids by learning to recognize in the most commonplace of objects—a waterworn stone, a shadow on a wall, a fallen leaf—a beauty transcending the works of man.

ANONYMOUS

To me the greatest thing is to live beauty in our daily life and to crowd every moment of our life with things of beauty. . . . As long as beauty abides only with a few articles created by a few geniuses, the Kingdom of Beauty is nowhere near realization.

YANAGI

To a remarkable degree, Japanese art enters the daily life of the people, whether they are educated or ignorant, trained or not. It influences their homes and the utensils of their domestic life.

ANESAKI

All through Japanese life runs a vein of what one might call a courtesy to nature; as if it was felt that to pass by any manifestation of beauty in nature was like neglecting a courtesy to a human being.

LAURENCE BINYON

The things which men have made . . . are inevitably the best witness. They cannot lie, and what they say is of supreme importance. For they speak of man's soul and they show who are his gods.

ERIC GILL

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FOREWORD

IT seems to me a long while since we established in this country the War Relocation Authority and turned over to that Authority, in ten War Relocation Centers, the care and custody of our Japanese-American population from the West Coast. This was done because our military authorities had felt that this element of our population might provide some individuals dangerous to our national security on the West Coast. Feeling was running so high against the Japanese, with whom we were at war, that some felt that a great many of those within our borders would have to be placed where they were not in physical danger.

This book will tell, in Part One, through the illustrations, captions, and legends accompanying them, the story of the arts that were created and preserved in these camps. The text, written by Allen Eaton, who has done so much to preserve the handicrafts and arts in this country through his previous books, tells in his prologue how he came to write this record. He covers the things that the residents of these centers made, from the gardens—which I can testify were truly beautiful even in camps where the desert surrounded them—to many other cultural activities. In spite of their difficult conditions of living, they had poetry societies, dramatic and natural history clubs, and, true to the Japanese tradition, classes in good manners and in the tea ceremony.

The illustrations show us many of the things that they made in the centers which added to the comfort of what at best was an uncomfortable life. They also tell the story of how they preserved some of the Japanese traditional customs.

The second part of the book seems to me an even more important part for us, as Americans, because it reveals still further the character of our Japanese-Americans who took the sudden evacuation with such a remarkably fine spirit. It also shows how well the War Relocation Authority did its work, one of the achievements of government administration of which every American citizen can be proud. Finally it tells

FOREWORD

the story of the remarkable co-operation between the Authority and the residents in the settlements, and how this helped toward their future reabsorption into American life.

This book should help us, not only to know our own Nisei better, but to give an insight into the character of the Japanese people themselves. I am so glad to have the opportunity to write these few words about this book. I hope it will be widely read.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Hyde Park, New York

INTRODUCTION

THIS book seeks to make available, now for the first time, the story of the arts of the Japanese in our War Relocation Camps; a story without parallel in our country and one of the most remarkable chapters in the long history of the human arts.

Quite as remarkable as, and even more memorable to many than the story of these arts, is the background out of which they came; and so is included within the covers of *Beauty Behind Barbed Wire*, in Part II, the story of the evacuation by our government in the spring of 1942, of 110,000 people of Japanese ancestry, including 70,000 American-born citizens, from their homes and working places in the Pacific Coast States of California, Oregon and Washington and their removal to detention camps inland to await resettlement.

What might be called a third reason for this work, though inseparably linked to these first two, is to share with the reader a part of the distinguished record of the War Relocation Authority, which had charge of these detention camps; it is one of the finest achievements in American war- and peacetime government administration. This civil emergency organization inherited the most difficult and unwelcome human problem within our nation connected with World War II—the custody and relocation of these people of Japanese ancestry; but it worked these problems out with the highest credit to all concerned, and with measurements of success beyond reasonable expectations.

This work is presented in the hope that it will help bring about better understanding, appreciation and love for a minority group in our midst, our people of Japanese ancestry; and also in the hope that many and more of us will turn our minds to ways of righting, in such measure as we can, a great wrong which we, through our government and some of our fellow citizens, have done these people.

In order that those who wish may have ready access to the literature on Japanese-Americans from their first arrival in the United States and through their experiences with evacuation and relocation, a Selective,

INTRODUCTION

Annotated Bibliography has been prepared and printed at the end of Part II.

My one regret as I turn this book over to the bookmakers, is inability to record separately my indebtedness to indispensable helpers all along the line of preparation from early conferences with WRA staff members in Washington, in the Relocation Camps in 1945, and through the years since, with almost countless contacts.

Credit is given the photographers, whose work is first in importance, by the method I like best, their names with their photographs; but the photographic staff and the reports offices of WRA in Washington and the field, and other members of the War Relocation Authority must accept my blanket thanks.

I am hoping the many persons in many places, who have helped from the beginning, in one way or another, will feel some satisfaction, a kind of compensation, in the finished work; and that they, and others, especially the residents of the camps, will write me of errors of commission and omission which they discover in the book.

I can express my gratitude to a few among the most recent co-operators: first, to the Humanities Division of the Rockefeller Foundation for their grant in aid to my sponsors which made possible this publication in 1951; and especially to Dr. David Stevens and Dr. Charles Fahs for their encouragement. Then to my sponsor, the Society for Japanese Studies, whose three presidents, Mr. Louis Ledoux, Professor Langdon Warner and Professor Harold Henderson, gave a personal approval of the undertaking which has meant more than I can say; and to the Japan Society for its help before publication. For the most recent co-operation which assured the book for 1951, my warm thanks to Harper & Brothers my publishers; to my always indispensable family for unlimited help and endurance; to Martha Eaton for the end papers; and to my closest associate in the research and the writing, Mrs. Olive Boe Johnson.

Crestwood, N. Y.

PART I

BEAUTY BEHIND BARBED WIRE

Arts of the Japanese in Our War Relocation Camps

*The wilderness and the solitary place
shall be glad for them; and the desert
shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose*

Isaiah : ~~xxxv~~, 1

PROLOGUE

WHEN our government, early in 1942, issued the order to uproot and put behind barbed wire more than one tenth of a million persons of Japanese ancestry, including seventy thousand American-born citizens, I was, with thousands of other citizens, shocked at the unprecedented action and angered by the suspicious motives and sinister forces that seemed to be in the background.

Radio commentators and newspaper columnists suddenly seemed to lose their heads, and partly because of them, a large portion of the American public became more and more confused. A low point in the deliberate campaign of vituperation was reached by a governor of one of our western states who said in a public speech: "A good solution to the Jap problem . . . would be to send them all back to Japan, then sink the island. They live like rats, breed like rats and act like rats."

As soon as I could, I went to Washington to see Dillon Myer, Director of the War Relocation Authority, whom I had met while he served in the Department of Agriculture, and outlined a plan to him—that an exhibition of attractive handicrafts be circulated in the War Relocation Camps, containing characteristic objects made by Americans of foreign extraction, including also the Japanese themselves.

This kind of an exhibition would suggest that our nation is made up of people from many homelands and that there still were many Americans aware of this, who appreciated the rich and varied contributions our immigrant people have brought to our life and culture. Such an exhibition, I felt, would help overcome the barriers of language; it might give these internees a sense of their relatedness to many friendly people outside; another important thing—it might encourage some of them to make things with their own hands—this would help to ease mental strains, and possibly contribute to a good community spirit. The Japanese, more than any people I knew had a genius for making something out of almost nothing, so scarcity of materials need not be considered a deterrent.

PROLOGUE

Mr. Myer liked the idea, but made it clear that the Authority could not undertake it, because any appropriations toward the arts would be condemned as coddling, and bring fire from a lot of people already waiting to shoot. But if I could organize such an exhibition, he said, and get the Russell Sage Foundation, with which I was connected at the time, to finance it, WRA would give its full co-operation. The Foundation was not then in a position to help, and since I had a heavy work schedule with them, I had to give the matter up for the time, but hoped I could find someone else to undertake it. I kept up contact with friends in several of the ten Relocation Centers.

One morning, a package arrived from the camp at Jerome, Arkansas. It contained pebbles picked up from the new gravel road there, which someone had patiently turned and polished into perfect spheres, so that figures, colors and veinings revealed unexpected beauties as the pieces were turned in the light.

Soon, another surprise came, from Poston, Arizona—a tiny bird, sensitively carved out of wood and painted; followed shortly a glorious burst of color—three exquisite embroideries from Heart Mountain, Wyoming. . . . Arkansas; Arizona; Wyoming—what was going on? I soon found out.

Evacuees, on their own initiative, had begun to make things for themselves; they were doing the very thing I had wanted to encourage, and doing it better than I had imagined would be possible, and I found soon, doing it in every camp. Furthermore, plans were on to bring these things together for exhibitions in the War Relocation Centers. In all the camps, too, they had begun to make their bleak surroundings more attractive by planting gardens, and trying to make their tar-paper barracks more beautiful and therefore livable—almost literally out of nothing, for store-bought supplies were not available. Barren camps were being transformed gradually into attractive homes and communities. To some of the camp administrators and the few visitors from the country round, it was a thrilling revelation of a fine innate culture.

Now, how could this story be told to the world outside the centers? It needed to be told. Knowing that there were good photographers among the evacuees, I tried to arrange by correspondence to get good photographs of art objects and exhibits. But there was a rule, I found out, prohibiting evacuees from taking photographs. I then took the matter up with the official photographic staff of the War Relocation



Clem Albers

1. THE SPRING OF 1942 ON OUR PACIFIC COAST

WAITING FOR THE BUS TO TAKE THE FAMILY AND ITS POSSESSIONS TO A TEMPORARY ASSEMBLY CENTER, TO WAIT THERE UNTIL BARRACKS COULD BE BUILT IN THE WAR RELOCATION CAMPS.

Authority, but there were two obstacles; they already had more documentary photograph assignments than they could handle; and secondly, most of their men were not familiar enough with art subjects to locate and select the best things and then photograph them to advantage.

The only solution seemed to be to find good photographers who could go into the different camps and get what was needed; this would be expensive. But it seemed to me the record must be made, so, after some months the necessary funds were raised. Then I could not find the desired photographer-art-critic combination, the ones who would unerringly know what to look for, and then how to take it.

Finally, in the summer of 1945, the last of the camp's existence, I decided to use an accumulated vacation period and go into the field myself. I visited five of the Relocation Centers and sent photographers and assistants into the remaining four (there were nine camps now that Jerome was closed). The results were better, even, than I had expected. With the cordial co-operation of the Photographic Division of the War Relocation Authority at Denver, Colorado, I went through some sixty thousand prints and negatives of documentary pictures that had been taken over the detention period. From these I selected a few for this book; the remainder seen in these pages were taken for the purpose, mostly in the field, although some, including the color subjects, were taken in New York.

It was my intention, at the time of going into the field, to purchase a number of objects for an exhibition which I hoped could be circulated throughout the country; but I found that few of the craftsmen had any thought of selling the things they had made; they were saving them as "going away gifts," or to send to friends outside of camp, or just to keep in the family. They offered to give me things to the point of embarrassment, but not to sell them—I wished many times that governor had come with me.

In those days and nights in the War Relocation Camps I thought many times of an experience in my native Oregon which gave me a clearer glimpse of the Japanese mind and heart than I had known before. We were "rained in" one day, Jo Tominaga and I, in my classroom in the School of Architecture and Allied Arts at the University of Oregon, Jo at his drawing board, I looking over the students' papers, waiting for the shower to slacken so we could go home.



Clem Albers

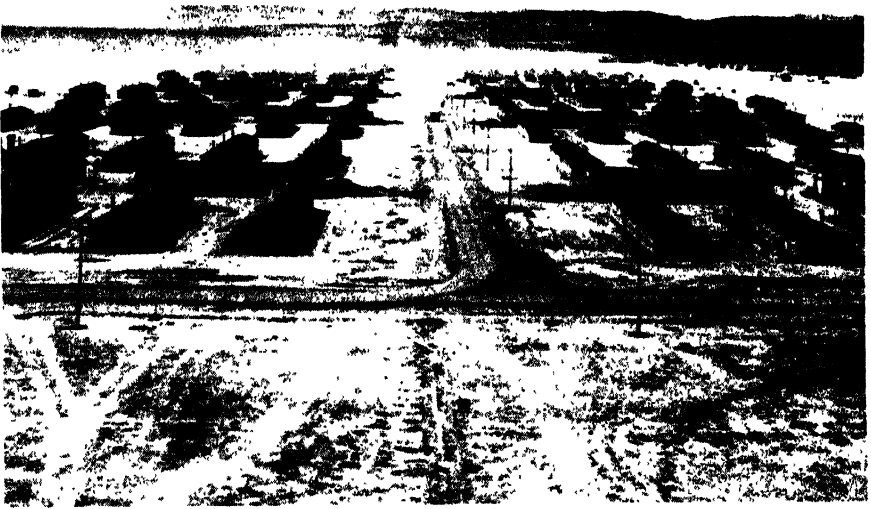
2. EVACUATION

FROM MARCH 22 TO AUGUST 7, 1942, ALL PERSONS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY ALONG THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA, OREGON, AND WASHINGTON—ONE HUNDRED AND TEN THOUSAND OF THEM—WERE REMOVED FROM THEIR HOMES AND THEIR WORKING PLACES TO INLAND DETENTION CENTERS, KNOWN AS WAR RELOCATION CENTERS.

OVER SEVENTY THOUSAND OF THESE WERE AMERICAN CITIZENS.

"Jo," I said, "the sound of the rain on this skylight always reminds me of our farm home in eastern Oregon where we children, sleeping in the attic, loved to listen to the sound of the raindrops on the roof."

Jo did not respond or look up—but after a long silence, said, "It reminds me of home too. My father was a workman. We lived in a neighborhood of out-of-door laborers. He built our little house and made a special garden on our stony plot of ground. When he had completed the garden, he collected all the leftover stones and piled them carefully along the edge of the house, below the eaves. On rainy days, when the neighbors could not work, he would call them in and they would all make poems to the music of the rain falling from the roof to the stones below."



Francis Stewart

3. A RELOCATION CENTER

THERE WERE TEN RELOCATION CENTERS IN SEVEN STATES, WITH A POPULATION RANGE OF FROM FIVE THOUSAND TO SIXTEEN THOUSAND EACH. MOST OF THEM WERE IN DESERT AREAS—SEE MAP END PAPERS.

VINE, SHELLS AND KOBU

The vine in this picture is artificial, and might have been made in any of the ten Relocation Centers, for artificial flowers were fashioned everywhere. This vine was photographed at Gila River, Arizona, and probably made there. The wood panel with the shellflower decoration came from Tule Lake, California, the polished natural wood form, or *kobu*, is probably from Jerome, Arkansas. It was not unusual to find objects from several camps in any one of them, because mail communication was free, and there were transfers of residents from one center to another. Members of the same family, sometimes located in different camps, would exchange handmade objects characteristic of their new dwelling places.

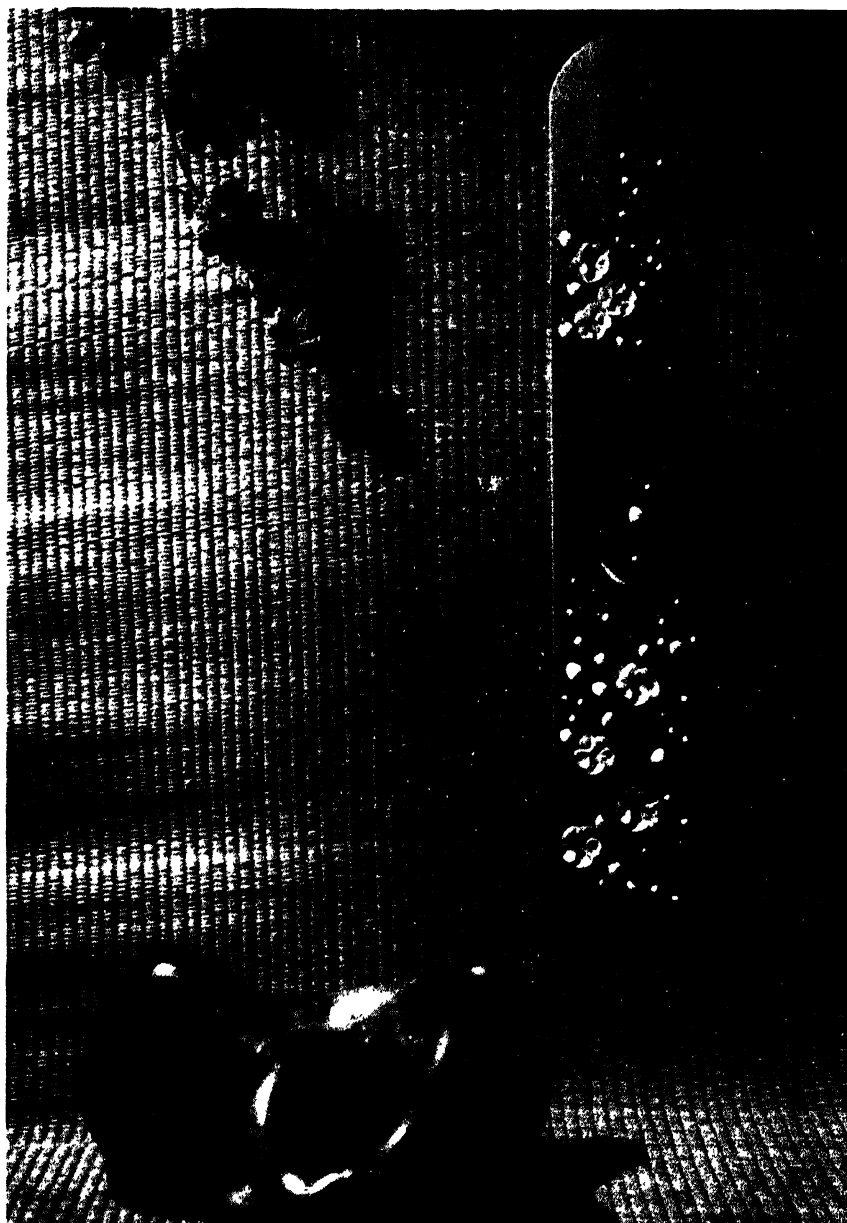
Flowers are so essential to the Japanese way of life that almost immediately upon arrival at the camps—where, of course, there were no flowers of any kind—those who could began making them and teaching others how to make them. Soon there were many flower makers in every center; foliage and blossoms, entire plants were fashioned from wrapping paper, newspaper, from cloth, shells or any scrap material which could be adapted to the purpose.

The wood panel with its delicate shell plum blossoms was made in Tule Lake, California, though it could have come from Topaz, Utah, as both these camps were over old lake beds. The branches are of papier-mâché, and the small bird, carved from wood, is painted in natural colors.

The beautifully finished *kobu* wood growth, originally part of a tree root or trunk, has had all surplus deadwood removed, then the solid, enduring natural core patiently polished by hand. Two camps were especially famous for *kobus*—Jerome and Rohwer, in Arkansas.

Mr. Sadayuki, one of the pioneer *kobu* collectors at Rohwer, learning early of the effort to record the arts of the War Relocation Camps, sent the writer one of his choicest pieces, an intertwined maple root; it was the first *kobu* the recipient had ever seen, and was a definite lure for the task ahead.

In Jerome and Rohwer the collecting fever swept the camps early; most of the enthusiasts were men, but some women, and even a few children joined in. One woman made a collection of more than one hundred *kobus*.



Toyo Miyatake

4. ARTIFACTS FROM THREE CENTERS

ARTIFICIAL VINE FROM GILA RIVER (RIVERS, ARIZONA); SHELLS ON WOOD, "PLUM BLOSSOMS," TULE LAKE (NEWELL, CALIFORNIA); POLISHED WOOD *kobu* FROM JEROME (DENSEN, ARKANSAS).

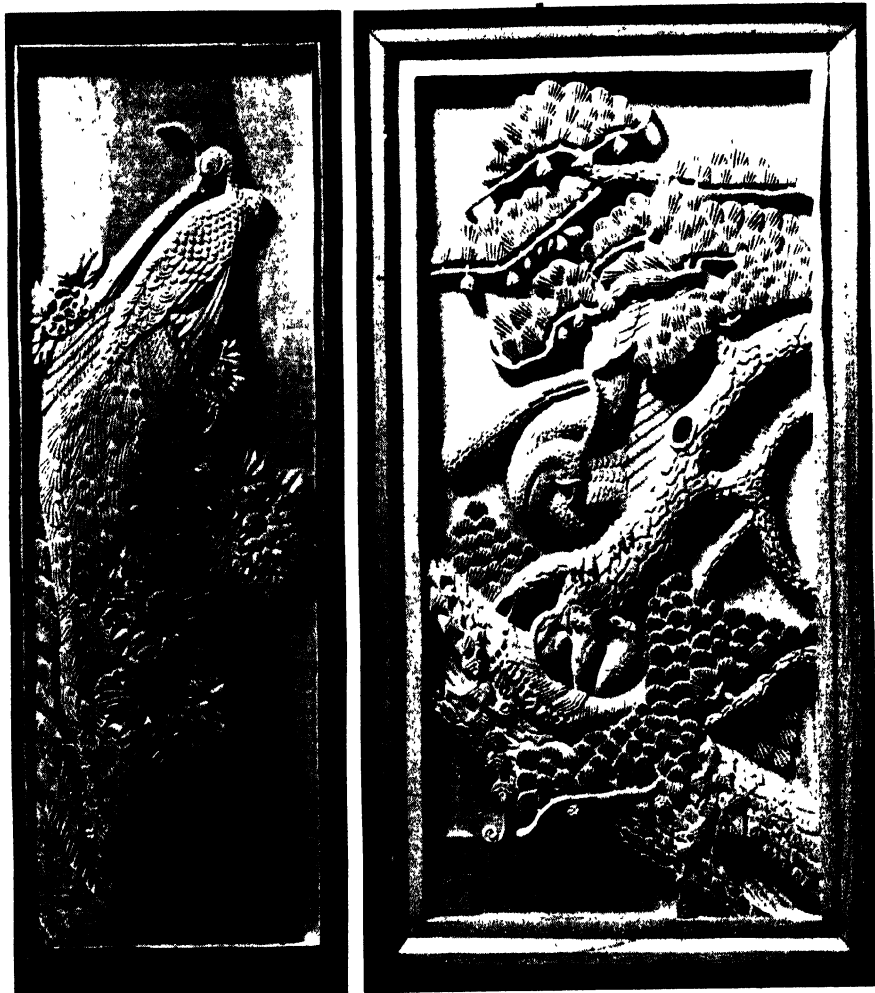
PEACOCK AND EAGLE'S NEST

At Amache, Colorado, probably more carving of this type was done than in any other camp. An early start was made through the efforts of Yutaka Suzuki, who taught the craft to more than twenty residents, none of whom had ever studied before.

There were at first almost no carving tools in camp, so the men made their own from discarded saw blades, worn-down files, automobile springs, and other waste metal; and in the absence of good lumber, they picked over and used pine slabs from the fuel piles. These slabs were covered with bark on the outside, but had enough solid wood on the inside for carving such panels as are shown here. On some pieces where the interior wood was very thin, parts of the bark would sometimes be appropriately and cleverly worked into the design. This technique often intrigued the carver, for it made possible a result he could not achieve from the clear wood or even from high-grade lumber.

In the case of the panels shown here, the bark has been entirely removed, but a suggestion of how it was often left can be seen on page 159.

The Eagle's Nest panel is based on an old Japanese design, and was a favorite subject at Amache; this panel was carved by Mr. Ando. The peacock was done by Izami Fugita.



John D. Schiff

5. WOOD CARVING IN AMACHE

GRANADA (AMACHE, COLORADO) DEVELOPED AT LEAST TWENTY CARVERS; ONLY ONE HAD EVER CARVED BEFORE. MOST OF THE WOOD USED WAS BARK-COVERED SLABS—THAT IS, OUTSIDE CUTS OF THE LOG—FROM THE COMMUNITY FUEL PILES.

PLUM BLOSSOMS, PINE AND CRANES

Many carvings of Occidental subjects were done at Amache, including those derived from camp life and environment, but it seemed that the best thought and feeling was expended on such traditional Japanese themes as are recorded in these panels.

The panel of the two cranes and pine tree was carved and sent to the writer by I. Tanaka, and led to the discovery of the Amache group of craftsmen. The other panel, plum blossoms and warbler, was possibly done by one of the cooks at the women's mess hall.

During an early attempt at Amache to round up as many carvings of this type as possible, so that final selections could be made, a name—Miss Hall—was suggested many times as a good contact to make, one who ought to be seen. The reference was pressed so many times that it gave the impression that Miss Hall was either a teacher of wood carving herself, or maybe a very prolific wood carver. When attempts were made to locate the lady she seemed very elusive, but finally it was revealed that "Miss Hall" should have been "Mess Hall" and, sure enough, here were many wood carvings displayed on the walls of the room where the residents ate their meals.



John D. Schiff

6. MORE WOOD CARVING IN AMACHE

THE BARK FROM THE PINE SLABS HAS BEEN ENTIRELY REMOVED IN THESE PANELS, BUT BARK WAS SOMETIMES CLEVERLY WORKED INTO THE DESIGNS. A COOK FROM ONE OF THE MESS HALLS CARVED SEVERAL PANELS AND, BORROWING A FEW MORE FROM FELLOW CARVERS, USED THEM FOR DECORATING THE ROUGH INTERIOR WALLS OF THE DINING ROOM.

MINIATURE SCULPTURE IN SAND

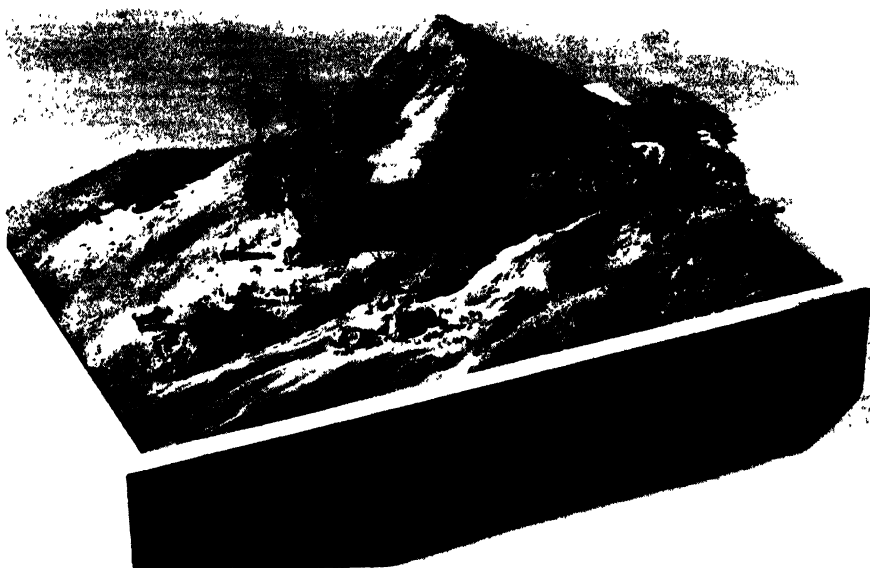
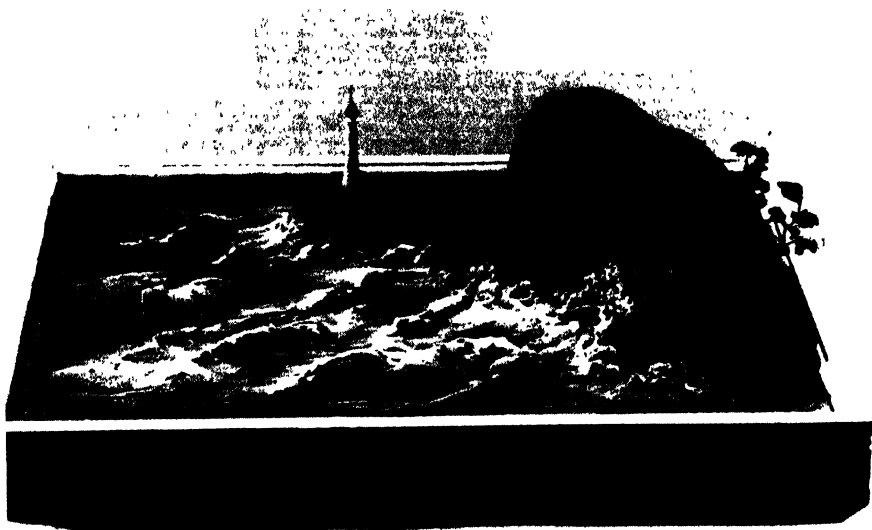
When Mrs. Ninomiya and her two sons arrived at Amache, the camp was enveloped in a sand and dust storm. Those first days were so discouraging, with the sand blowing everywhere, inside the barracks and out, that she thought, "We must do something about this." Then she began to think of sand as something else than dust and dirt, and remembered one of the old home arts she had learned in Japan, where sand was an indispensable element, the making of miniature landscapes, or *bon-kei*.

But she had no tray; a neighbor, learning of her need, built one for her of wood from a vegetable crate. In a day or two she had made something beautiful of the sand—the camp's first *bon-kei*, a western landscape like the one shown here. There was a stirring of excitement in her block. Some of the women wondered if she would teach them.

Realizing the great need of pleasant employment in this new environment, she taught two or three close neighbors how to make these charming little landscapes. The word spread, and in a short time Mrs. Ninomiya had ninety-two pupils. Later there was a camp exhibition, in which all the pupils could take part; and here, in a western desert, in a War Relocation Center, was shown probably the most extensive display of *bon-kei* ever seen in the Western world. Some of the tray gardens were of mountain, desert, and seacoast subjects, but most of them were imaginary Japanese scenes; and in no cases were there any duplicates. Fortunately, a few photographs were made. Twelve of these subjects are shown on the following page to suggest their variety and their quality.

There was a new and special incentive for most of the women who made these *bon-kei*. They had never before had the time or opportunity to do work of this kind, and they eagerly took advantage of it. And to most, if not all of them, there was the fascination of making something beautiful out of the commonest materials, and here sand was that commonest thing.

The restless little seacoast scene with its lighthouse and tossing ship was another of Mrs. Ninomiya's pieces which delighted and inspired her neighbors.



John D. Schiff

7. MINIATURE LANDSCAPES, GRANADA (AMACHE, COLORADO)

THE ART OF MINIATURE LANDSCAPES, *bon-kei*, MEANING LANDSCAPE ON A TRAY, HAD ITS FIRST AND PERHAPS ITS BEST DEVELOPMENT IN GRANADA.

SAND SCULPTURE BY PUPILS

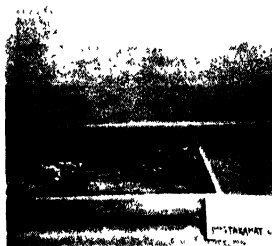
The reproduction in so small a form of a dozen of the creations of the *bon-kei* makers of Amache cannot do justice to a single one, but it is hoped that it will suggest the variety of designs and something of the quality of work which characterized not only this form of expression, but all others in this and other centers.

This community enterprise at Amache illustrates two characteristics common to all the centers: one, the general eagerness to do something worth while with hands and minds; the other, the willingness of those who were proficient in some field to teach their neighbors. And out of these emerged an unforeseen result—the high average ability of the evacuees to do these things well.

It must have been a great surprise to the Japanese themselves to find how many of them had the knack of doing things well, yet it really should not have surprised anyone, for they were merely proving what some of our most thoughtful Western writers have been telling the world about these people for a long time. In his *History of Art* Elie Faure says, "Never was any people more naturally an artist people; never did such a race draw on a field of sensibility, of enthusiasm and hope as rich as this one. . . ."

John La Farge wrote to a friend in *An Artist's Letters from Japan*:

The Japanese sensitiveness to the beauties of the outside world is something much more delicate and complex and contemplative, and at the same time more natural than ours has ever been. Outside of Arcadia, I know of no other land whose people hang verses on the trees in honor of their beauty; where families travel far before the dawn to see the first light touch the new buds. Where else do the newspapers announce the spring opening of the blossoms?



8. *BON-KEI*, MINIATURE LANDSCAPES, GRANADA (AMACHE, COLORADO)

OF MORE THAN NINETY *bon-kei* MAKERS AT GRANADA, ONLY ONE HAD EVER BEFORE
PRACTICED THIS ART; ALL THE SUBJECTS ABOVE WERE DONE BY
THESE AMATEUR PUPILS.

ORNAMENTAL WRITING

Calligraphy, or fine handwriting, has been practiced as an art throughout the East for centuries. Even such a great Japanese painter as Koyetsu was, in his time, more renowned for his calligraphy than for his painting. Laurence Binyon has said that this difficult art trains the hands and eyes, and calls for the utmost self-control and patience.

Classes in calligraphy were held in every Relocation Center, and countless examples of fine writing were also used to decorate the walls of the barracks dwellings and public assembly rooms.

This portrait is of T. Usui, a professional calligrapher, at work in his room in Rohwer. Declining to be photographed writing on the back of cheap wallpaper which had for a long time been his substitute, he rests a choice sheet of Chinese paper on a piece of red velvet, and grinds a fine stick of slightly perfumed ink, which required two hours of swabbing before it was ready for use.

The writing was done in complete silence. A child obediently left the room until the work should be finished, so that there might be no interruption of thought or action. The brush strokes were bold and free, coming from the shoulder rather than from the wrist. Not until the signature and red stamp had been affixed did the writer relax his concentration.

Mr. Usui explained that ornamental writing "takes a whole lifetime to learn" and is "very hard to tell." When suddenly he found that he was to go with many others to a detention center, he selected a few good brushes, some ink, and a little fine paper to help him meet whatever was ahead. At the Arkansas Relocation Center he selected branches of the right form from one of the newly cut trees, and improvised the brush rack shown at his left.

Mr. Usui, while a fine calligrapher, was also a cobbler, and mended shoes for his neighbors in Camp Rohwer.



Paul Faris

9. CALLIGRAPHY, OR HANDWRITING, WAS PRACTICED IN EVERY CENTER

HANDWRITING IS ONE OF THE FAVORITE ARTS OF THE JAPANESE; THE SKILL OF THIS MASTER OF CALLIGRAPHY AT ROHWER, ARKANSAS, WAS DEEPLY RESPECTED BY HIS NEIGHBORS.

OAK LEAVES IN SPRING

This was one of the first of hundreds of plant and flower arrangements worked out by the evacuees at Rohwer, Arkansas. It was done by Mrs. Hirahara, who went to the woods for her material, as residents of Rohwer and Jerome, the two extreme inland camps, were permitted early to do. Here, growing out of a tree stump in a new land clearing, she found these branches of red oak, just coming into leaf, which, with other wild plants, she combined into a beautiful arrangement for the Spring Flower Show.

The composition is a record of a sensitive response to the beauties of nature, too often overlooked. It was set and arranged in a rectangular cooking vessel, where it was possible to keep it fresh and beautiful until the catkins of the young oak had dried and dropped off; the green leaves continued to grow for several weeks.

The box for holding the vessel was constructed from packing-box boards which were shaped with a pocketknife, sanded smooth, and finally stained a soft gray.

Regarding Mrs. Hirahara's arrangement, it might be noted here that according to Japanese nature lore, leaves are affectionately regarded as flowers. Even a snow-covered landscape is considered to be winter's floral display, and the white "six-petaled flakes" as "scentless blossoms."



10. SPRING AT ROHWER, ARKANSAS

THIS ARRANGEMENT OF YOUNG RED OAK BRANCHES AND OTHER WILD PLANTS IS SYMBOLIC OF WHAT TOOK PLACE IN EVERY CAMP WHEN THE EVACUEES WERE PERMITTED TO GATHER NATIVE MATERIALS.

PICKET FENCE GARDEN

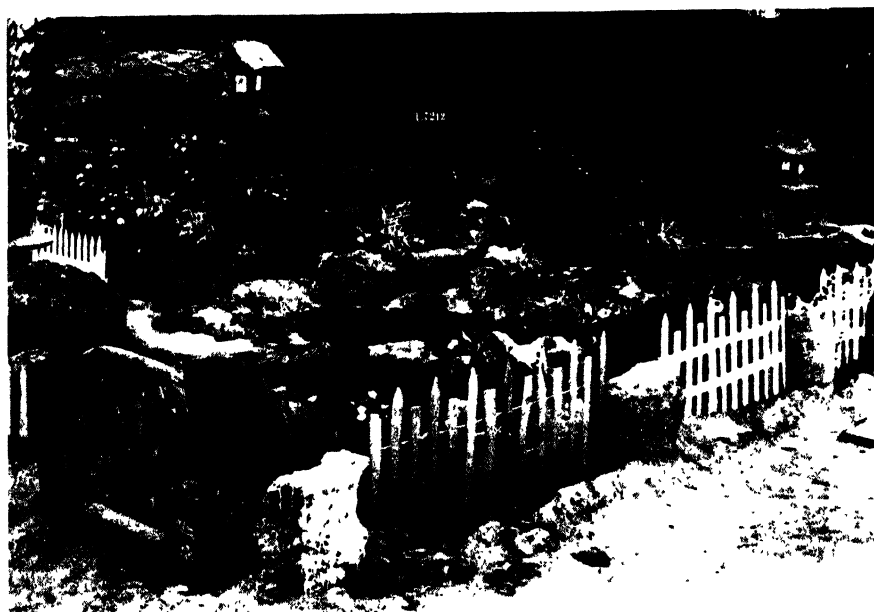
It would take several volumes to adequately record and describe the gardens of the ten Relocation Centers, which were developed in seven different states between March 22, 1942—opening of Manzanar—and March 20, 1946, closing of Tule Lake Center.

The few gardens that can be shown in this book will be symbols for all, and will suggest the transformations that took place after the Japanese, through their own initiative, began to construct the beautiful barracks, block, and special gardens which, through their devotion, they kept going throughout the period of detention.

Facing this page are two views of a garden belonging to Mr. Fukudi at Tule Lake Center. They were taken on an overcast day in the middle of August, 1945. Rich in color and interesting in composition, the garden is a good example of what can be done by utilizing the rough materials at hand, most of which would be regarded as valueless, if not as liabilities, by the average person. Odds and ends of wood have been shaped into pickets for the white fence enclosure, and bark-covered slabs from the fuel wood-pile give the barracks entrance a rustic character, providing an effective setting for vines and other plants.

The garden extends on two sides of the barracks—the “dry” garden on the front, and the rock and water garden on the side. At the time of photographing it was old enough to have produced some perennials, but it owed much of its color to annuals, especially to the brilliant morning-glories and portulaca. Several plants were kept in receptacles so that they could be moved around from one part of the garden to another as needed.

There was much more to Mr. Fukudi's garden than could appear to the passer-by; it was necessary to go inside to realize its charming variety, and to see in the small pool the reflections of clouds by day and the moon and stars by night.



Robert H. Ross

11. A BARRACKS GARDEN AT TULE LAKE, CALIFORNIA

TWO PICTURES OF THE GARDEN BELONGING TO THE FUKUDI FAMILY, EXTENDING ON TWO SIDES OF THE BARRACKS—THE "DRY" GARDEN, AND THE ROCK AND WATER GARDEN. MUCH OF THE COLOR IS PROVIDED BY MORNING-GLORIES AND PORTULACA.

IDENTIFICATION

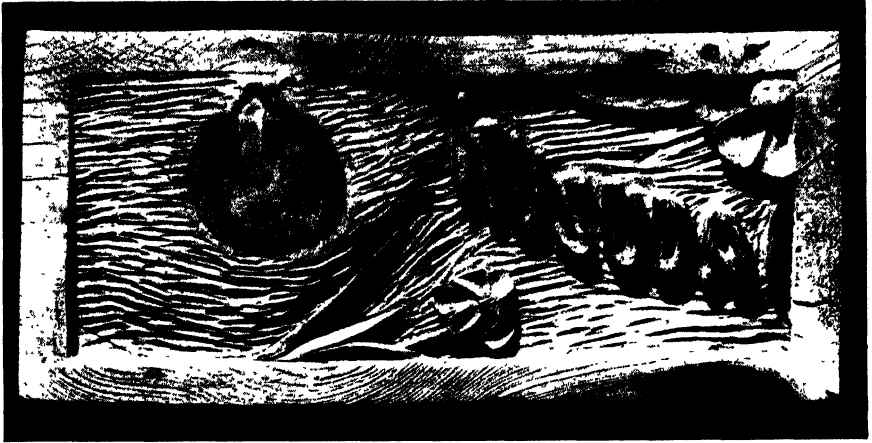
In all of the Relocation Camps the corners of the barracks and entrances to the living quarters of the evacuees were identified by large stenciled numbers, letters, or both. One could check at block headquarters, or at the administration center office to find out who lived where.

There was no good reason why these temporary homes should continue to be so coldly anonymous, some of them thought; and soon residents began raiding the proverbial fuel piles for boards on which to make name plates. In a short time, family names began to appear beside the entrance doors; and before long, hundreds were marked with Japanese or English name plates, or both.

Carved or whittled wood was most often used; some were done very simply, others had considerable ornamentation. A few of the signs had painted or brushed-in names.

Often the design or form of a name plate would be partly determined by the character of the wood chosen, as illustrated in the Kusuda family name plate. Here the knot in the board was incorporated into the final design. A Japanese friend, observing it, said, "It may be that the carver was thinking of a pool of water with iris growing on the bank—in any case, the knot in the wood was important to his thoughts."

Mr. Higashida got the idea for his name plate while unpacking freight which had been shipped in a metal-bound packing case. Taking a strip of the metal, he stood it on edge and bent it back and forth into well-shaped letters; when the name was completed he mounted it on a board. These name plates were among those collected from barracks entrances after the War Relocation Center at Topaz had closed.



John D. Schiff

12. HOME NAME PLATES AT TOPAZ, UTAH

IN ALL THE CENTERS, EVERY FAMILY WAS DESIGNATED BY A NUMBER STENCILED ON THE BARRACK'S WALL NEAR THE ENTRANCE DOOR; BUT BEFORE LONG MANY OF THE JAPANESE MADE NAME PLATES OF CHARACTER TO DIGNIFY THEIR HOMES.

LITTLE BIRD FROM BIG CAMP

It so happened that the two largest Relocation Centers specialized in the most diminutive wood carvings. Small bird carving was started at Poston Center in western Arizona, and here it had its greatest development; then it was taken up at Gila River, in Rivers, central Arizona. Some carvings of both birds and small animals were later done in other camps, but never to anything like the extent it was developed at Poston.

The bird illustrated here—from Poston—is a sparrow. Models for many of the little carvings were found in copies of the *National Geographic*. After the projects got under way, this magazine was deluged with orders for back numbers, and their documentary color sheets served as guides and inspiration for many craftsmen. Scores of varieties were whittled out and thousands of birds painted in natural colors; many of them of fine craftsmanship in both form and color.

Legs and feet posed a real problem. They had to be delicate to look right, yet strong enough to bear the weight of the body when resting on a perch; also they must be firmly attached to the perches, which were usually small natural twigs. The only solution seemed to be fine strong wire. But where could anybody get any wire?

Came a shower of wire—not from the clouds—but from window screens. When the mechanics screened the windows of all the barracks in the camp they just slapped large flat pieces of netting cut from rolls over the window frames, tacked them hurriedly at top, sides and bottom, then snipped off the surplus, which fell to the ground. Sometimes instead of trimming they left ragged edges, to the delight of many a resident who cut them off clean and neat. It was reported that the day after the screening job was finished not half an inch of waste wire could be found anywhere in the camp; the bird carvers and artificial flower makers had salvaged every snip.



John D. Schiff

13. AN AMERICAN SPARROW CARVED IN WOOD AT POSTON

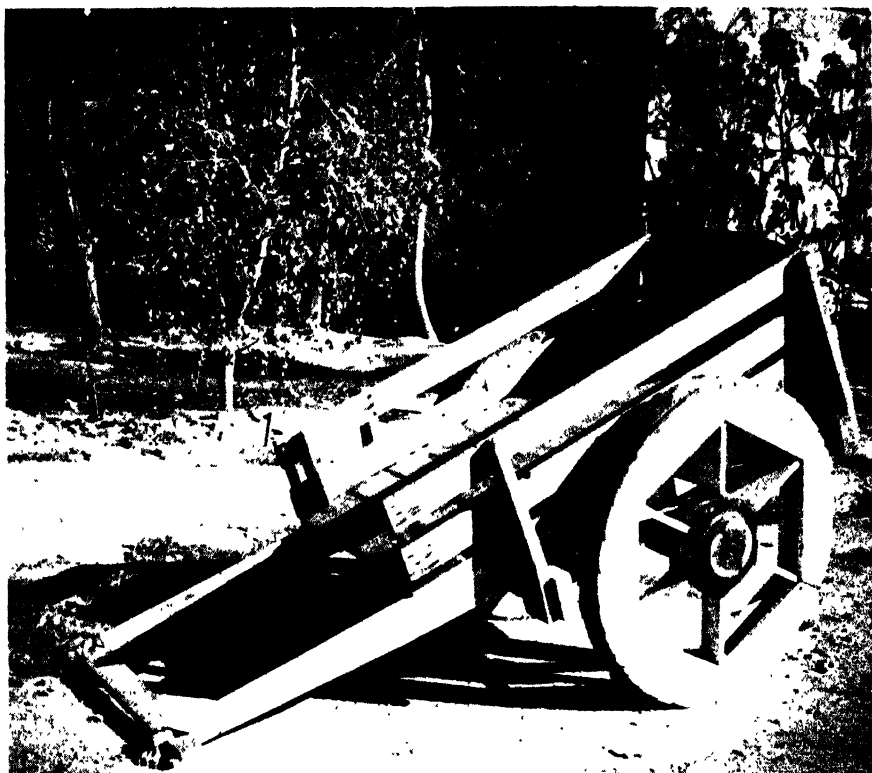
WHILE SOME BIRDS AND ANIMALS WERE CARVED IN EVERY CENTER, THIS COLORADO RIVER CAMP IN ARIZONA OUTNUMBERED ALL OTHERS IN THE QUANTITY AND QUALITY OF CARVED AND PAINTED AMERICAN BIRDS.

GILA RIVER TRANSPORT

This cart was constructed by a Japanese craftsman at Gila River Center. Its purpose was to transport stone, wood, and other materials used for the construction of the many gardens, or furniture and other things too heavy to carry by hand from one barracks to another, and of course, sometimes to give the children a ride. While many of the residents had owned cars, trucks, and other facilities for transportation, the only vehicles they were allowed to bring to camp were collapsible baby carriages.

The wheels of this cart, so sturdy and attractive in design, are made of scrap lumber laminated; and the axles are of small pieces of water pipe.

A handcart similar to this, but without a box, was made and used at Minidoka, Idaho, for hauling the large and heavy volcanic rocks to the garden illustrated on pages 93 and 95.



Toyo Miyatake

14. HANDMADE WOODEN CART IN GILA RIVER, ARIZONA

THIS VERY USEFUL COMMUNITY CART WAS CONSTRUCTED ALMOST ENTIRELY OF WOOD; THE WHEELS BEING OF LAMINATED BOARDS, AND THE BODY OF WASTE PACKING BOXES. THE AXLES WERE MADE OF A PIECE OF SMALL WATER PIPE.

SURPRISE FROM A CYPRESS

Probably no single natural feature in all the ten Relocation Centers aroused more curiosity and interest among the evacuees than the "*kobu*"—there is no exact English translation for that word, but roughly, a *kobu* is a curious natural wood growth found in trees, usually about the roots, but sometimes along the trunk or on the branches.

Once dead bark and enveloping decayed wood is removed, the cherished *kobu* is revealed—unusual in form, beautiful in grain, often rare in color, and no two of them ever alike. Then follow hours of hand-rubbing. Cypressess can often be counted upon to produce them, but almost any variety of hardwood and some conifers may also have them.

Although *kobus* can be used for door stops, paperweights and other "practical" purposes, the Japanese are satisfied just to see and feel them. Other *kobus* are on pages 11, 107 and 115.

The camps richest in these natural treasures were Rohwer and Jerome, in Arkansas, where *kobu* hunting was one of the first interests to be developed. When Jerome was closed, one of the most ardent gleaners was transferred to faraway Heart Mountain, Wyoming. Through some manner or means he managed to transport his collection of about one hundred *kobus*, some of them weighing fifty or more pounds apiece, to his new station. Among them were formations both weird and beautiful, and his nature pieces were to many the wonder of the camp.

One of the former residents of Jerome, who visited New York for the first time after his relocation was asked what in the city interested him most. He replied, "The trees in Central Park and Brooklyn where I have been looking for *kobus*."

It must not be thought that the hunting for *kobus* was done at the expense of living trees; it was the many trees that had been felled in the building of the camps that supplied most of the coveted wood forms. An account of the attitude of the Japanese toward cutting down trees is related by Laurence Binyon in *The Spirit of Man in Asian Art*. Mr. Binyon wanted a facsimile of a famous wooden statue of Kwannon, the Bodhisattva of Compassion, for the British Museum.

Its delivery was long delayed [he writes]. We heard that no suitable camphor tree could be found, and it had to be made of camphor wood, like the original. At last a prince offered a majestic tree in his grounds for the purpose, and a religious service was held before the tree, and pardon was asked for cutting it down, as it was to become a divine image.



Toyo Miyatake

15. KOBU FROM GILA, ARIZONA

Kobu HUNTING WAS CARRIED ON MOST EXTENSIVELY AT JEROME AND ROHWER, TERRITORY RICH IN *kobu*-YIELDING CYPRESS AND OTHER AMERICAN HARDWOODS, AND ALSO IN THE GILA RIVER COUNTRY.

SAGEBRUSH AND THE JAPANESE

A book could, and probably should be written on the subject of "Sagebrush and the Japanese," for surely they were the first to see beauty in this the commonest, and to many of us the least aesthetic of the desert plants of the western states. But to them it had great attraction, and at Minidoka it was a favorite decorative plant form, possibly the most popular local plant.

In this photograph, Mr. K. Yuasa, of Minidoka Center, Idaho, a distinguished professional flower arranger, is shaping some sagebrush for one of his fine bronze containers which rests on a polished board made especially for it. With skill and artistry he is completing his arrangement in the traditional three-level form.

Some of the Japanese craftsmen at this center also discovered unusual and interesting decorative possibilities in cross sections of the stem of this lowly plant. These cross sections are not round, as in most plant forms, but almost triangular, resembling miniature fans. The end grain has a peculiar character, the growth resembling a wire cable which in this instance is triangular in form. In any case, it is quite different from the cross section of most plants, and that difference gives it distinction and arouses the creative spirit of the craftsman to make something special of it. The Japanese used short cross sections of the sagebrush stems to make decorative insets, imbedding them in plastic wood, in plastics, and in cement, and finally polishing the end grain.

Minidoka was surrounded by sagebrush, yet special gardens of it were developed, largely by thinning, and clumps of it were trimmed as decorative features of the landscape.



Jo Tanaka

16. ARRANGING SAGEBRUSH AT MINIDOKA, IDAHO

THE JAPANESE SAW BEAUTY IN THIS COMMONEST OF AMERICAN DESERT PLANTS, AND USED IT FOR DECORATION EXTENSIVELY IN BARRACKS HOMES AND ART EXHIBITIONS IN CAMP MINIDOKA (HUNT), IDAHO.

TREASURES IN A BARRACKS CORNER

This is a corner in the tiny barracks apartment of the Abe family at Minidoka, Idaho. They had occupied a six-room house in Portland, Oregon; now three members of the family lived in an eighteen by twenty foot space divided into three parts by paper partitions and imagination. This photograph shows two walls of the "sitting room," which the homemakers have lined with composition board and decorated with attractive objects, most of them made by their friends or themselves in the camp, and also with natural objects discovered in or near Minidoka.

The calligraphy was done in Minidoka and in other centers; the inscription in Japanese on the fan-shaped piece of wood on one of the shelves is "Patience." Two wooden panels on the right wall have inscribed on them poems written by Mrs. Abe, whose verse had won awards in various poetry contests. Every camp had its poetry societies, and Minidoka participated locally and in intercamp writing activities. Mrs. Abe was also expert in her flower arrangements.

Mr. Abe was especially interested in nature forms, several of which are shown in this photograph. Perhaps his favorite find was the stone rabbit shown on the shelf at the left. It is enlarged in the next photograph.



Jo Tanaka

17. CORNER OF LIVING AND SLEEPING ROOM AT MINIDOKA, IDAHO

THIS PART OF THE BARRACKS HAS BEEN DECORATED WITH THINGS MADE BY THE FAMILY AND NEIGHBORS, AND BY NATURAL OBJECTS FOUND IN OR NEAR CAMP.

RED STONE NATURE SCULPTURE

This red stone rabbit, one of the decorations in the Abe's home shown on the previous page, is exactly as found on the desert near Minidoka, excepting that Mr. Abe has provided a polished wood base to support it.

In making a base to fit his stone piece, Mr. Abe was following an old Japanese practice of setting off the quality of any chosen object with a special stand or pedestal.

Mr. Jiro Harada, of the Imperial Household Museums of Japan, states that there still prevails among the Japanese the ancient custom of enjoying rare stones by themselves.

Provided with individual wooden stands, they are placed on one's writing desk or in *tokonoma* (alcoves in the guest room), that the gazer may be led into reveries by the fancies their shapes suggest, such as mountains, immense cliffs or some natural phenomena. A stone with a white streak or vein may suggest a waterfall, the sound of which may be heard, or rather felt, in the momentary solitude of one's room. . . .

Another way of enjoying them which has been for centuries and still is popular among the Japanese, is known as *sui-seki* (water-stone). A natural stone of desirable shape is placed in a . . . tray or dish with sand and water. Months and years of patient watering and care may, according to the kind of stone used, bring forth a thin coating of moss, enlivening the stone with a verdure like a mountain or an island with forest and meadows. [Encyclopaedia Britannica 14th Edition]



Jo Tanaka

18. A CLOSE-UP OF AN OBJECT FROM THE PREVIOUS PAGE

A STONE RABBIT, EXACTLY AS FOUND, EXCEPTING FOR THE WOOD BASE PROVIDED FOR HIM. THE STONE ALSO RESEMBLES THE CHINCHILLA, AND IS EVERY BIT AS RARE.

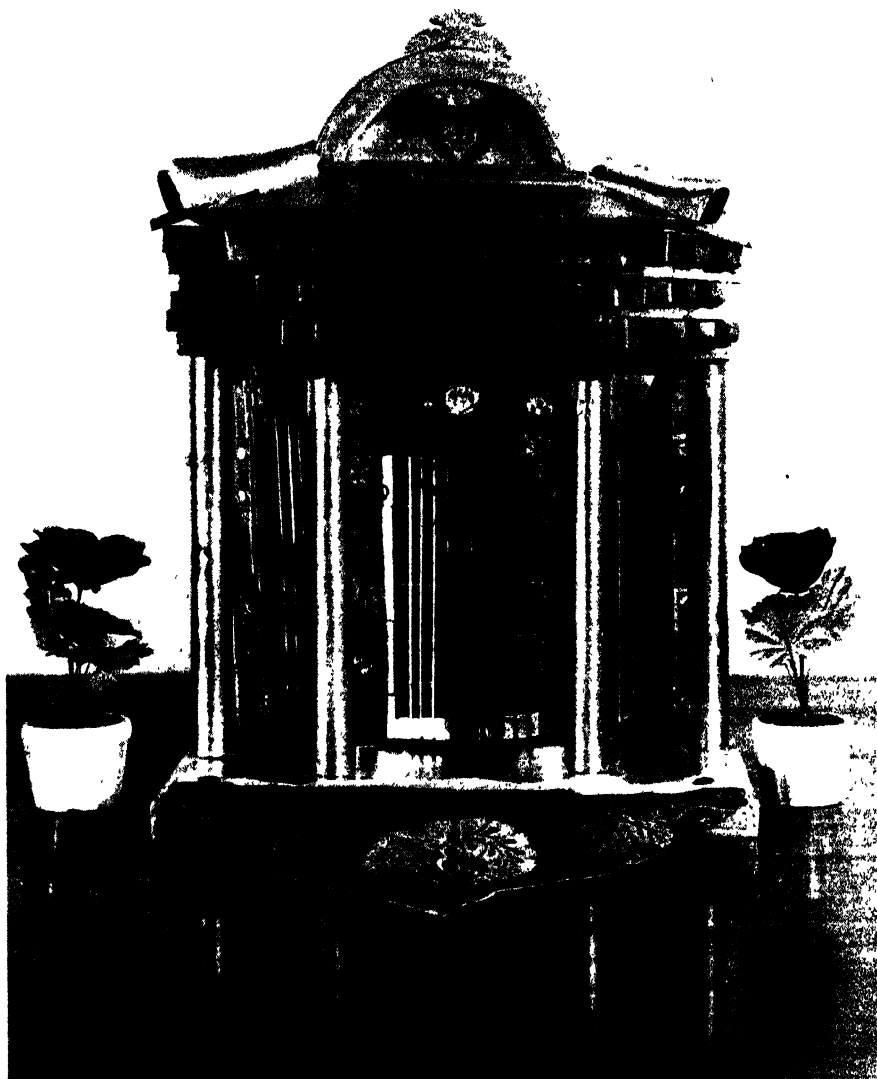
FOR THE SACRED RECESS

This Buddhist house shrine or temple, made at Minidoka, is to fit into a sacred recess, where the family's ancestral tablets are kept. One by one as the various members of the family get up in the morning, they proceed to the temple, ring a small bell, bow, and recite a short prayer.

Other rituals are correspondingly simple. The congregations assemble in the temples to receive spiritual sustenance from sermons, the people carry their rosary beads with them, and they turn to their priests for comfort and guidance.

The tormenting belief in the horrors of various Buddhist hells never did disturb the Japanese people very much. Faith in numerous kindly, protecting spirits and deities, ever ready to enter into personal communication and relationships with them far outweighs the fear philosophy. Buddhist religious festivals—and there are many of them—are entirely of a joyous character. Photographs of a Buddhist festival dance held at Amache, Colorado, are shown on pages 123 and 125.

The Japanese people's deep love of nature is closely interwoven with their religious feelings; in fact, it *is* a religion. And Buddhism teaches them that nature is endowed with spirits not essentially unlike those of men.



Jo Tanaka

19. A HOUSE TEMPLE MADE AT MINIDOKA, IDAHO

THIS BUDDHIST HOUSE TEMPLE WAS MADE MAINLY FROM PACKING CRATE WOOD.
THE ONLY PARTS NOT MADE IN CAMP WERE THE SMALL BROCADE AND
THE SILK CORD.

MOSTLY ABOUT MR. NAGAHAMA

Exquisite embroidery was done in every camp, but the decorative needlework of Heart Mountain deserves special mention. Probably more people in proportion to the population did embroidery there than in any of the ten centers, due mainly to the influence of the first instructor at the camp, Mr. Nagahama, a former teacher of this great traditional art of Japan. He was past seventy-five years of age when he was taken from his studio in southern California to the Wyoming camp.

Seeing many with idle hands, and believing that some of them would be happier if their hands and minds were creatively occupied, he approached the authorities and offered to teach embroidery to anyone who might care to learn.

At first his idea was not regarded as practical, so nothing was done about it. He repeated his offer; finally, to his third request he was told that he might try if he wished, but there was no material available in the camp for this kind of work.

Taking a piece of cloth, which he had packed with his belongings on leaving home, and cutting it into a dozen small pieces, Mr. Nagahama divided his supply of silk thread equally among the charter members of his class, and settled down to teaching them the basic techniques. Friends and neighbors were charmed at the quality and rich color of even these first pieces.

Enthusiasm for the project caught on and spread; it was not long before its success had far outstripped expectations; at one time more than six hundred and fifty pupils were enrolled, and special exhibitions of needlework were being held as established features of the arts and adult education program.

Even Mr. Nagahama was surprised at the latent talent that was brought to the surface. Prior to evacuation, most of these women had been engaged in more strenuous, practical pursuits, trying to maintain an economic foothold in the United States, and therefore had little opportunity or time for recreation. One of the finest early examples of needlework was done by a Japanese woman who had spent most of her time since coming to America working in a truck garden.



John D. Schiff

20. EMBROIDERY—CHICKENS AND WHEAT

THIS EMBROIDERY, EQUALLY DISTINGUISHED IN DESIGN, COLOR, AND FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP, WILL HAVE TO SERVE AS A SYMBOL FOR ALL THE CAMPS, BECAUSE ITS ORIGIN IS NOT KNOWN; IT WAS SENT IN TO NEW YORK, PHOTOGRAPHED, AND RETURNED TO THE OWNER WITHOUT A RECORD BEING MADE OF IT.

DESERT SHELLS

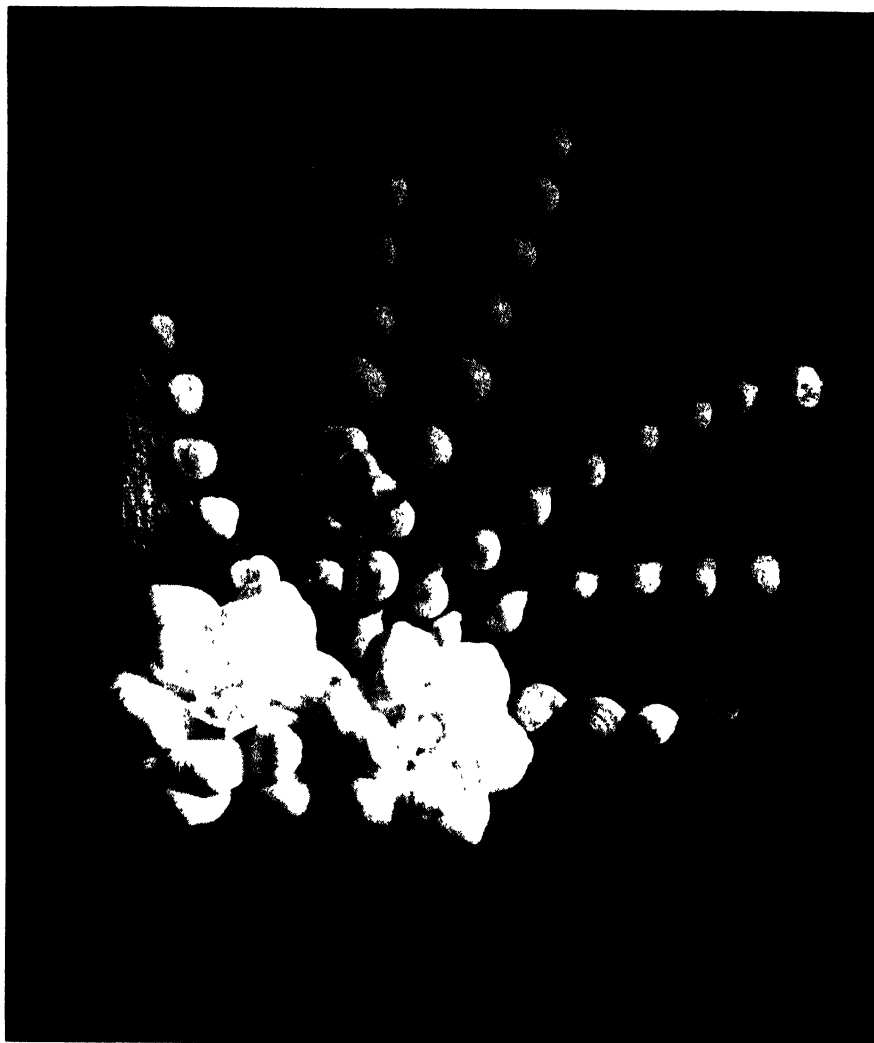
This flower composition was made from shells at Tule Lake Center, California, the camp in which this craft originated. Many variations in size and shape can be distinguished if one studies the photograph. These hard, permanent little specimens have been so carefully and skillfully selected and arranged that they give the illusion of having been modeled. Such an effect calls for patience, skill, and above all, good taste.

Two of the Relocation Camps were on or near old shell beds—Tule Lake, as mentioned above, and Topaz, Utah. When the surface supply of good shells was eventually exhausted, the residents had to dig for them, and found them in beds from one to four feet below the ground. Oftentimes the numerous ants in the vicinity very accommodatingly brought desirable tiny shells to the surface.

After gathering, sifting, and sorting, the shells would be brought to camp, there to be washed and bleached in a weak chlorine solution, then assembled and arranged into countless compositions.

Shells would sometimes be carried from one camp to another, especially in case of transfer of residence, but most of this work was carried out at Tule Lake or Topaz. The shells of Topaz were discovered by camp residents out looking for arrowheads.

An expert shell worker at Topaz, Mrs. Komija Inouye, designed beautiful shadow boxes, and at one time she was teaching the craft to a class of fifty pupils. Picture frames, necklaces, bracelets and earrings were among the decorative pieces made. A well-remembered lily-of-the-valley composition was composed of dozens of tiny pointed shells.



John D. Schiff

21. ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS OF SHELLS

TWO CAMPS—TOPAZ AND TULE LAKE—WERE SITUATED ON OR NEAR OLD LAKE BEDS;
THIS SPRAY OF FLOWERS WAS MADE AT TULE LAKE, CALIFORNIA.

NO IDLE HANDS

With such wonder and curiosity reaching out in every direction, it was inevitable that each camp should reflect something of the special features of its environment and the diversity of its activities. The craftsmen illustrated here, suggest something of this diversity which made every camp of interest to residents of the other camps, and gave the one hundred and ten thousand persons gathered in the ten War Relocation Centers a range of activities of extraordinary interest and unity. These craftsmen are from four separate camps. Regrettably, the names of none of them are known.

The photograph of a pupil throwing pottery on the kick wheel was taken at Heart Mountain. There was not time or opportunity to do much with pottery in the camps, but it did get into the list of handicrafts which the WRA educational program fostered and there can be little doubt that the eager Nisei craftsmen at the wheel achieved good results in throwing.

The stone carver at the right is at work at Manzanar, California. He brought from his native Japan a knowledge of, and an interest in, the slate and stone of the western mountains that could not have come in any other way, for he saw in the ledge of rocks the ancient inkstones of the East, as other Japanese did, and they made hundreds of stones, many of them beautiful. Inasmuch as both handwriting and water-color painting were done with the liquid ink—that is, the ink ground on these stones—the craftsmen who made them contributed very much to the convenience of the calligraphers and painters, especially those who learned these arts in the camp and therefore had not brought ink-making facilities with them. Most of the inkstones were made at Manzanar, California and Topaz, Utah.

Weaving, as has been said, had its fullest and probably finest expression at the camps in Arkansas, through the fact that equipment was made available and good teachers worked with the Japanese women who showed both skill and taste, even though hand weaving was new to them. In the lower left photograph, the “Venetian blind-like” weaving, using sticks left over from building barracks, was characteristic of the inventions of the weavers at Rohwer, where this photograph was taken.

The artificial flower makers in this photograph were at Granada, or Amache, Colorado, but they might have been in any other camp, for anything that had to do with flowers, natural or artificial, their raising or their arrangement, drew as a magnet great numbers of Japanese residents to the classes.



22. FOUR HANDICRAFTS FROM FOUR CENTERS

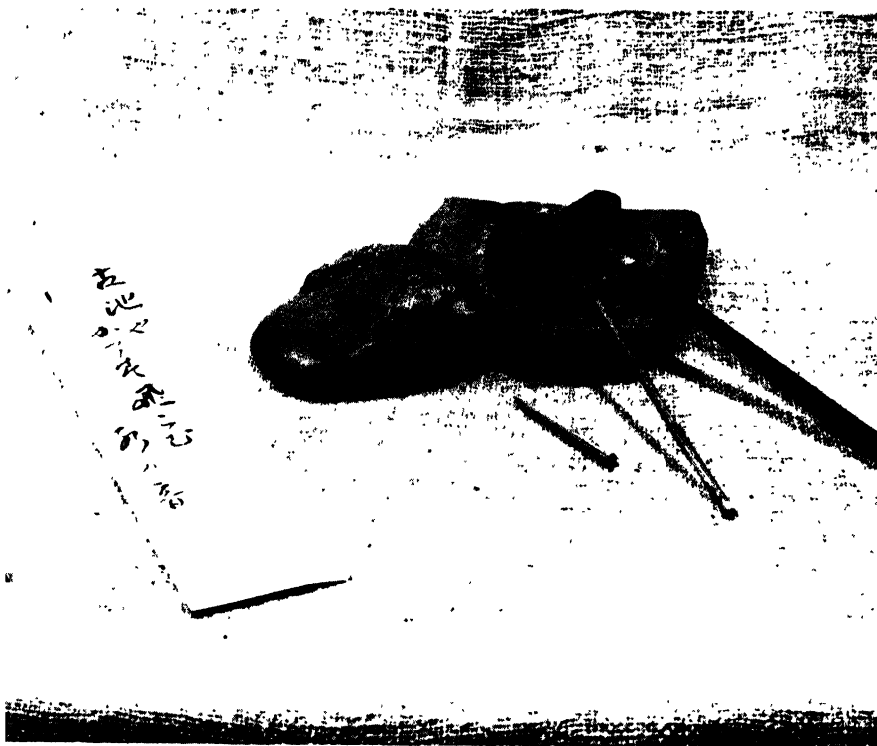
UPPER LEFT (*photo Paul Faris*): WEAVING AT ROHWER, ARKANSAS. UPPER RIGHT: POTTERY MAKING AT HEART MOUNTAIN. LOWER LEFT (*photo Toyo Miyatake*): STONE CARVING AT MANZANAR. LOWER RIGHT (*photo Pat Coffey*): ARTIFICIAL FLOWER WORK AT AMACHE, COLORADO.

PREHISTORIC PALETTE

The slate from near Topaz had a special appeal for the residents, because of the interesting fossils often found imbedded in the stone—fossils of both animal and plant forms.

One of the favorite experiments with the slate cutters of Topaz was to locate a fossil and split a piece of the slate in two so that the fossil would remain unbroken but imbedded in one of the pieces. The inkstone opposite shows how skillfully the fossil was handled.

It required experience and good judgment to know just where to strike the slate to make it break without injury to the fossil, and whenever possible to preserve the matrix, so that when the two pieces were brought together again the fossil would form a kind of fastener or anchor for the upper and lower pieces.



John D. Schiff

23. WRITING MATERIALS WITH INKSTONE FROM NATIVE SLATE

THIS INKSTONE, FROM SLATE MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD, WITH IMBEDDED FOSSILS, WAS SHAPED, PROBABLY, AT TOPAZ, UTAH. A LITTLE WATER IS PLACED IN THE WELL, THE INDIA INK STICK MOISTENED AND RUBBED AGAINST THE STONE UNTIL A LIQUID OF THE RIGHT CONSISTENCY IS PRODUCED.

PORTULACA GARDEN

The Friends Service Committee, in its earliest efforts to brighten the lives of one hundred and ten thousand uprooted persons in the War Relocation Camps, thoughtfully and wisely placed flower seeds near the top of the list of essentials. "Beauty is hard to find," they wrote in their appeal for contributions. They knew the Japanese hunger for the colors and forms of nature, and of course, of their genius in growing all kinds of plants.

The brilliant and charming hardy annual, portulaca, was one of the first to reward the gardeners, especially in desert and semidesert regions where the thin, dry soil and soaking sunshine encouraged it along. At Rohwer, Arkansas, portulaca was planted extensively and with its many-colored blossoms and dark green foliage it was in beautiful contrast to the light-colored sand and gravel roadways.

These two scenes in the same block at Rohwer, taken one morning in early summer, suggest how, in a few weeks after planting, the portulaca brought its rewards to these families who relied upon it as their main source of color and bloom. At first glance, the planting, excepting in the geometric rows, seems almost accidental, then one realizes that in every case seeds had to be dropped and covered in places which had been prepared for them, and that the casual fringe alongside the manhole is part of a carefully-thought-out plan.

Here, as in landscape painting, one senses that to know what to leave out—that is, unplanted—is just as important as what to include. There were memorable examples of restrained planting in every camp; in some places one single package of the microscopic portulaca seeds brought sparkling beauty to the small yards of half a dozen barracks.



Paul Faris

24. BLOCK 29, ROHWER, ARKANSAS CAMP

THESE GRAVELED WALKS OF ROHWER WERE EDGED WITH PORTULACA, AND A CLUMP PLANTED TO DECORATE THE MANHOLE. THE TREE STUMPS FROM RECENTLY CLEARED LAND ADD INTERESTING VARIETY TO THE GARDEN PLOTS.

TRANSFORMATIONS

At most of the camps, when the evacuees arrived, there were no building materials available for improving or disguising the bleak barracks exteriors; in fact, at most camps there were rules against alterations or additions to structures. However, at Poston, Arizona, where the upper photograph was taken, there were some trees, sticks, and stones which the residents, in some instances, were allowed to make use of to change approaches, entrances, or both, and even, as in the example shown, to mask old barracks structures with new facades.

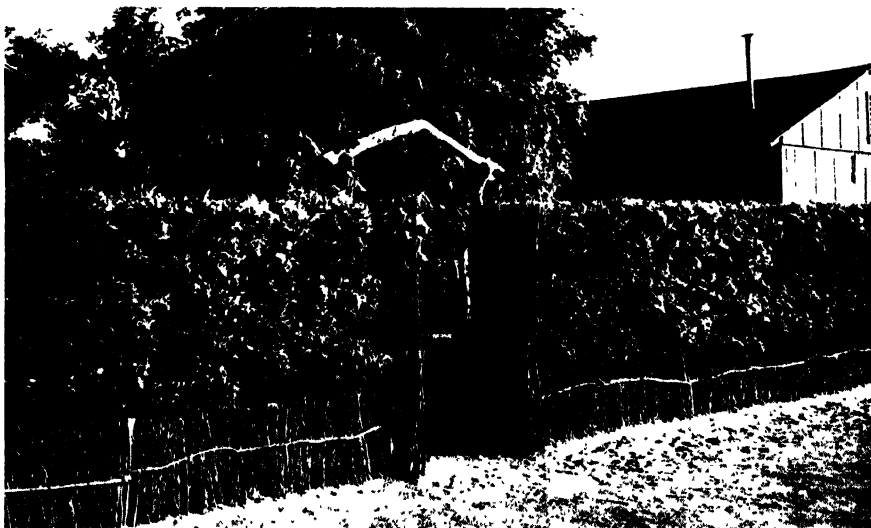
Here, in this transformed barracks exterior is another instance of Japanese ability to combine appropriateness and economy in happy proportions and their genius for making the best use of whatever facilities are at hand. The scraps, the irregular pieces of wood, the stones on the ground, and other materials, become assets in the hands of such flexible craftsmen. There are suggestions in this for all of us—artists, craftsmen, and homemakers alike.

In a photograph, page 25, of a garden at Tule Lake, the successful utilization of slab wood is shown. Here in Poston, limbs and branches make up fences and walls, while in other camps it was the utilization of native rock and stone, as in the Minidoka rock garden, pages 93 and 95.

The photograph opposite, of hedges and green living walls, was taken at Manzanar, and suggests the abundance of plant growth in that camp. These conditions gave the Japanese special opportunities to apply their gardening know-how and landscape traditions and principles to the new home sites.

Trees and hedges are of swift-growing locust; the “skirt” of twigs and branches is a clever and attractive device for masking scraggly irregularities along the roots, an idea that amateur gardeners will probably want to copy. Willows were used at some of the camps for hedges and borders, and at Topaz enthusiasts trained some of their hundreds of flame-colored fire bushes into interesting hedges, perhaps the most unique being one in which the name TOPAZ was carefully trimmed out.

In some camps hardly a stick or stone was available; nevertheless, the note of beauty had to be achieved, and *was* achieved, through the use of strings and vines. Morning-glories, pumpkin vines and gourds transformed hundreds of barren entrances into bowers of enchantment.



Toyo Miyatake

25. NEW ENTRANCE FOR BARRACKS; LOCUST HEDGE FOR YARDS

AT POSTON, ARIZONA, SEVERAL NEW APPROACHES AND FAÇADES WERE CONSTRUCTED OF MATERIALS FOUND IN OR NEAR CAMP. AT MANZANAR, HEDGES OF LOCUST AND OTHER TREES AND SHRUBS ENCLOSED SOME OF THE YARDS.

MORE TRANSFORMATIONS

Almost immediately upon crossing the thresholds of their tar-paper barracks, many of the Japanese began thinking about what they might do to make their living quarters more habitable and attractive. Empty rooms with rough walls and two-by-four framework, one ceiling light bulb, a pot-bellied coal stove, iron cot-beds with a minimum supply of drab bedding—no chairs, no tables, or other furniture; that was, in general, the forlorn picture that greeted them. At first as many as seven people were crowded into one barrack unit twenty by twenty-four feet in size. Privacy was impossible.

They had been able to bring only the barest necessities with them, and there were no materials in camp with which to work; that is, there were no materials to the ordinary eye. But the Japanese are resourceful people and usually think that something can be done about anything, with the result that each passing day saw little things done, both inside the barracks and out.

One of their first efforts was to modify and, where possible, to disguise the roughness of the interiors: smoothing and rubbing down framework, painting, whitewashing, as they were able to get paint and whitewash, or covering sections with paper wherever possible and appropriate, applying decorations, constructing furniture from any salvageable material the camp offered. As time passed, the evacuees were able to purchase some materials from outside, and these, combined with things sent in by friends, gradually transformed camps into homes of simplicity, character, and quality. These changes took place in all ten of the Relocation Centers within the seven states.

Here is a barracks room at Granada, Colorado (better known by the post office name Amache), which this family fixed up with their own hands and at their own expense, covering the two-by-four framework with composition board, cutting niches and bookshelves into the board and lining them, covering windows with paper stretched on lattice framework to soften the glaring desert light, constructing simple pieces of furniture, the roughness, in some cases, partially concealed by bedclothes. The ceiling is of wrapping paper, which served temporarily to keep out the dust, until replaced by composition board, which would last for the duration.



Tom Parker

26. CONVERTING BARRACKS INTO HOMES AT AMACHE, COLORADO

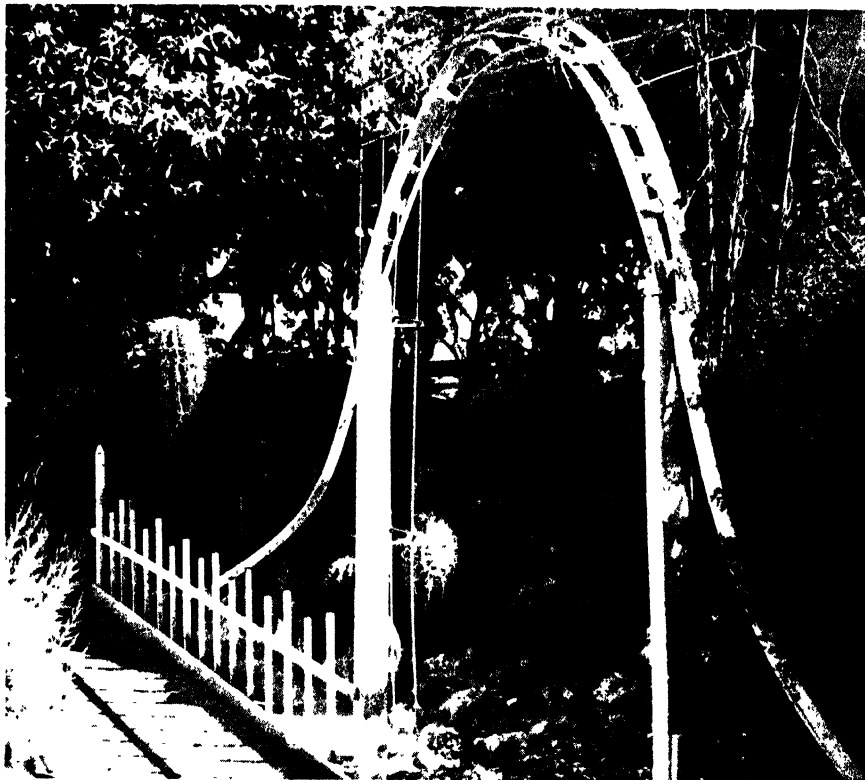
CHEERLESS BUILDINGS OF BOARDS, COVERED WITH TAR PAPER, AND ROUGH WALLS WITH TWO-BY-FOUR FRAMING INSIDE, WERE GRADUALLY CHANGED BY THE RESIDENTS AT THEIR OWN EXPENSE INTO NEAT, CLEAN APARTMENTS. THEY USED COMPOSITION BOARD LINING, AND ROUGH BUT COMFORTABLE HOMEMADE FURNITURE.

CACTUS TRANSPLANTED

The Gila River Center, occupying an unused portion of an Arizona Indian reservation, is situated in famous cactus country, where scores of species of the prickly plant range in size from a fraction of an inch up to a sixty- or even seventy-foot-high cactus tree, the saguaro.

One of the earliest exploits of new residents was to bring together many of these varieties, transplanting them from the desert to their camp gardens. The photograph shows a portion of one of these cactus gardens whose plants are thriving in their new location. Looking not at all incongruous in this southwestern setting is a Japanese stone lantern in the background; any Japanese garden lantern, whether lighted or not, symbolizes light dispelling darkness, and that thought is borne in mind whenever one is placed. A simple trellis and fence arrangement pulls the whole unit together.

Another instance in which native plants of a region were utilized exclusively, was the rock garden at Minidoka, Idaho, pictured on pages 93 and 95. These two gardens of native plants, plus the four or five cultivated ones which are described in these pages, convey only a hint of the variety, beauty, and charm of the hundreds of gardens developed in the ten War Relocation Centers.



Toyo Miyatake

27. GARDEN OF NATIVE CACTUS, GILA RIVER, CENTRAL ARIZONA

THE DISPOSSESSED RESIDENTS MADE USE OF LOCAL MATERIALS TO MAKE THEIR NEW HABITATIONS MORE ATTRACTIVE; THIS GARDEN OF NATIVE CACTUS PLANTS AT GILA WAS ONE RESULT OF THIS ADAPTATION.

STUDENTS

Flower arrangement, or *ikebana* ("living flower"), was studied, taught, and practiced in every one of the ten War Relocation Centers. The photograph opposite shows a regular class in the barracks school at Rohwer, Arkansas, arranging flowers under the guidance of a teacher.

There are several schools of *ikebana*. In all of them, three principles—heaven, earth, and man are invariably represented in an effort to indicate man's relation to the universe. In Japan, the art has always been regarded as "an elegant accomplishment, though by no means an effeminate one."

Josiah Conder, in his authoritative volume, *Theory of Japanese Flower Arrangements*, gives some idea of the high esteem in which the art of flower arranging has long been held. He says that the following merits are attributed to those engaged in its pursuit:

"The privilege of associating with superiors. (*Koishikko.*)"

"Ease and dignity before men of rank. (*Seijjo joko.*)"

"A serene disposition and forgetfulness of cares. (*Muitannen.*)"

"Amusement in solitude. (*Dokuraku katarazu.*)"

"Familiarity with the nature of plants and trees. (*Somoku meichi.*)"

"The respect of mankind. (*Shujin aikio.*)"

"Constant gentleness of character. (*Chobo furiu.*)"

"Healthiness of mind and body. (*Seikon gojo.*)"

"A religious spirit. (*Shinbusu haizo.*)"

"Self-abnegation and restraint. (*Showaku ribetsu.*)"



Paul Faris

28. FLOWER ARRANGEMENT CLASS, ROHWER, ARKANSAS

THE TRADITIONAL JAPANESE ART OF FLOWER ARRANGING WAS STUDIED AND PRACTICED IN EVERY CAMP.

MESS HALL DRESSED UP

The art exhibitions to which the residents of the center and the administrative staff and visitors had access, were public exhibitions. But often more intimate, special exhibitions were held for the benefit of class members; they were usually of brief duration, and little or no record was made of them.

This photograph shows a section of one of these "little" exhibitions given by a class in flower arrangement at Rohwer, Arkansas. Both native and cultivated plants are used, and quite in contrast to the earlier shows, where the containers were fashioned of local wood, metal, stone, or what not, these containers include bronze, pottery, and porcelain of wide variety, because by then the residents had been able to get things from outside the camps.

The flowers are placed on tables from the mess halls. On top of the tables long strips of paper—either wrapping paper, or the blank side of wallpaper—furnish a uniform surface and pull the exhibits together.

Covering windows and unfinished walls are lengths of inexpensive cloth hung in folds, making a pleasant neutral background for the strips of ornamental writing and the scenic water-color paintings and an occasional *kakemono*—a vertical wall picture. Almost always the flower arrangement exhibits were shown along with calligraphy or painting or both.

A good background is indispensable to an attractive exhibit, a principle which the Japanese understand thoroughly. Their exhibits were usually arranged with taste, a strong sense of order, and with an economy which only close study would reveal.



Paul Faris

29. CLASS EXHIBITION AT ROHWER, ARKANSAS

SINGLE FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS, SUCH AS THESE, WITH HARMONIZING BACKGROUND PANELS OF ORNAMENTAL WRITING OR SYMBOLICAL DRAWINGS, MAKE APPROPRIATE DECORATIONS FOR THE TRADITIONAL RAISED ALCOVE (*tokonoma*) IN A JAPANESE LIVING ROOM.

INTERPRETER

Every one of the War Relocation Camps had its quota of painters. To record their individual interpretations and achievements would require more than the pages of this book. Perhaps nothing connected with the wide range and variety of the arts practiced in the camps aroused as much interest and sometimes wistfulness among fellow residents as those painters who made records of their new homes and environments. This scene at Amache is, in a sense, typical of what happened at all the centers whenever a painter sat down on his camp stool and got to work.

Many began to paint in camp for the first time. "I thought it would be better to study and paint than to run around playing cards," said one Topaz resident. He took some lessons, and before long was much on his own. A woman at Topaz who had wanted to paint since she was six years old, took advantage here of her first opportunity. "When I paint," she said, "all dust goes away out of my life."



Tom Parker

30. A RESIDENT PAINTER AT AMACHE, COLORADO

EVERY CAMP HAD ITS PAINTERS, SEVERAL OF THEM RECORDING VITAL SCENES OF CAMP LIFE AROUND THEM. THIS AMACHE RESIDENT IS MAKING A WATER COLOR OF THE BARRACKS AND THEIR SETTING, WHERE HE AND HIS INTERESTED NEIGHBORS LIVE.

SUBZERO COALBIN

Heart Mountain, in northwestern Wyoming, with its population of twelve thousand residents, was the farthest north, the coldest, and in some respects the least prepared for winter of any of the ten camps. The fuel most depended upon was coal, and facilities for getting it into, and handling it in camp were often sadly bungled.

This painting of "Winter" was made by Mrs. Estelle Ishigo, a painter and a musician who contributed many drawings and sketches to the Office of Reports at Heart Mountain Center, and painted many scenes of camp life which will long stand among the best documentary records of this experience.

The several reports sent in to Washington from Heart Mountain were, in point of form, the most unusual from any of the War Relocation Centers. The typing of these reports was excellent in both composition and impression; but it was the illustrations, the sketches by Japanese members of the staff, and often a full-page water color by Mrs. Ishigo, which gave them special distinction.

Mrs. Ishigo was not of Japanese ancestry, and was not therefore compelled to go to a Relocation Camp. But her husband was Japanese and she went to be with him and remained for the duration. She taught both painting and music at Heart Mountain and shared the experiences of the other evacuees.



H. Sturm

31. "WINTER"; PAINTING BY ESTELLE ISHIGO AT HEART MOUNTAIN,
WYOMING

WINTER CAME EARLY AND SEEMED BITTERLY COLD FOR MANY OF THE TRANS-
PLANTED RESIDENTS WHO HAD NEVER EXPERIENCED SNOW BEFORE. COAL FOR
WARMING THE BARRACKS WAS DUMPED IN THE VILLAGE STREETS.

GUNNYSACK METAMORPHOSIS

Few of the Relocation Centers offered good opportunities for any but the simplest kinds of weaving; but at Rohwer weaving became an important feature of the handicrafts program, with increasingly notable results.

Work at this camp began on a single old reconditioned loom. At first there were no weavers experienced enough to use it, but eventually Miss Adeline Lee was assigned by the WRA to a handicrafts program at this center. She taught three of the Japanese girls how to string up the old loom and operate it, leaving them free, when they had mastered the mechanism, to use their own initiative, and design and weave as they wished. Seeing the loom in operation, others in turn wanted to learn. At about this time WRA fell heir to some surplus looms from the National Youth Administration and the Works Progress Administration, and then the fun began. Although materials were very hard to get, women made many useful and attractive things for the barracks homes, and for their personal and family use.

Rugs such as these were woven from unraveled burlap and gunnysacking found in the camp warehouse, where it had been ripped off incoming freight items—furniture, mattresses, produce, etc. The women weavers patiently unraveled the material, then washed the “yarn,” dyed part of it with vegetable dyes, and worked it into rugs for their barracks apartments. These two rugs were designed and woven from feed sacks by Mrs. Akimato, a doctor's wife. Each rug required eight to eleven sacks.

Later, after the residents were able to get good thread and yarn, they created some beautiful textiles, individual and distinctive in color, design and texture, and pleasantly reminiscent of traditional Japanese fabrics.

One especially interesting texture was obtained by weaving in row after row of flat slender sticks. This attractive material was used as a substitute for Venetian blinds. A glimpse of it is shown in the group of handicrafts on page 47.

At one time several bundles of old clothes were sent into the camps as gifts—these were cut into strips, and the seemingly tireless women made over seven hundred rag rugs of them.



Paul Faris

32. RUGS FOR BARRACK APARTMENTS, JEROME, ARKANSAS

WEAVING WAS PROBABLY MORE EXTENSIVELY CARRIED ON IN JEROME AND ROHWER, BOTH IN ARKANSAS, THAN AT ANY OF THE OTHER CAMPS. THESE RUGS IN TAN AND BROWN ARE MADE FROM UNRAVELED GUNNY SACKS.

LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL

In every camp, exhibitions of the arts and crafts of its residents were given with more or less regularity. But often fine pieces missed being shown at these public exhibitions, either because their existence was unknown to those in charge, or because modest craftsmen didn't realize how good they actually were.

One instance of talent hidden under a bushel was accidentally revealed in Minidoka late in 1945. During a preliminary survey of the camp, the writer made a stop at a barracks home hoping to obtain some needed information. The resident was not at home, but while speaking with his wife, the writer noticed a very interesting wood carving on the wall, and asked if it had come from Japan. She said no, that her husband had done it; but he had never submitted it for public showing, believing it not good enough.

After being assured that there was a difference of opinion on the point of its quality, the lady shyly brought to light three or four more pieces, all of such merit that permission was asked to have them photographed. The wood carver later consented; thus was preserved for these pages two of his sensitive, finely executed carvings.

The wood used is probably Douglas fir from the most prolific evergreen tree of the Pacific Northwest, a tree of unusual grain, which shows to great advantage in these carvings.



Jo Tanaka

33. WORK OF A MODEST CARVER, MINIDOKA, IDAHO

THESE SUPERIOR CARVINGS WERE DONE BY A CRAFTSMAN WHO THOUGHT HIS WORK
NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO EXHIBIT.

BARNYARD REVEILLE

Embroidery was included in most of the art exhibitions at all of the Relocation Centers. As already stated, probably the greatest development of fine needlework took place in Heart Mountain, where the response to the opportunity to learn exceeded anyone's expectations. However, there was not a single camp that did not develop some fine needleworkers, and at Rohwer, where the example illustrated was done, a large number of women turned naturally to this renowned craft of their forefathers.

"Forefathers" is not a misnomer here; for centuries the greatest Japanese embroideries have been done by especially trained men and boys. An interesting sketch by Hokusai shows three men of his time sitting on the floor at work on a piece of silk, stretched in a table frame. In the camps, the majority of embroiderers were women who, since coming to America, had never before had the opportunity to learn this craft.

"Rooster and Sunrise" is one of the selections for Rohwer's final exhibition, held in the fall of 1945—probably the last held in any of the centers, for by this time the majority of residents had left the camps. This piece is distinguished for its brilliant, harmonious colors, and for the unusual variety of stitches employed. The comb of the rooster has two shades of red French knots; other colors are gold, blue, tan, white, gray, and greens. It was executed by Mrs. T. Katsuki, whose signature appears in the lower right-hand corner of the picture.



Paul Faris

34. EMBROIDERY OF MANY COLORS AND MANY STITCHES

THIS EXTRAORDINARY EXAMPLE OF NEEDLEWORK WAS MADE FOR THE FINAL ART EXHIBITION HELD IN ROHWER, ARKANSAS, IN 1945.

CANES AND DR. KIOKE

Curious natural wood forms were sought, collected and used by the wood-minded, and in these camp communities in which most of the getting about was by foot, it was inevitable that walking sticks in natural forms would be searched for, and others shaped for use.

Walking was usually the only means of getting about within the communities; and after relaxation of boundary rules in certain camps, walking excursions into the neighboring countryside became a favorite pastime. So collecting walking sticks began on small or large scale and in great variety; one man in Granada skinned a rattlesnake and covered his cane with it.

The sticks shown here are from the collection of Dr. Kioke of Minidoka, Idaho, who found the crooked, gnarled shapes of the wasteland sagebrush and greasewood particularly interesting for his purpose. His hobby finally included canes from the other camps. Dr. Kioke, a specialist on the Minidoka Center Hospital staff, was also a landscape photographer of international fame—one of his books, published in Japan, was on the scenery of Mount Ranier National Park, illustrated with his photographs.

In the little room at the hospital, where the writer visited him, the doctor had many wonderful things; he kept pulling them out of drawers, from under the bed, from behind curtains. He wrote and collected poetry, and had a collection of about one hundred beautifully pressed local botanical specimens. He was a silent man, but his varied interests spoke eloquently for him.



Jo Tanaka

35. COLLECTION OF CANES, MINIDOKA, IDAHO

WALKING WAS THE MAJOR OUTDOOR SPORT OF THE CAMPS, SO CANES AND WALKING STICKS WERE POPULAR EVERYWHERE. THIS COLLECTION INCLUDED SOME FROM SEVERAL CAMPS, MADE OF CHARACTERISTIC WOODS.

OASIS

The Colorado River Center in western Arizona, better known as Poston, the name of the local post office, consisted of three units (sometimes rather bitterly referred to as Poston, Roaston, and Toaston), with a total population of twenty thousand, the largest number of people in any single Relocation Center.

Here, as soon as the evacuees arrived, they began trying to improve their living quarters and surroundings. Little by little, they relieved the barrenness, increased their comforts, and improved facilities for recreation and pleasure.

This bit of landscape, although not strictly in harmony with the best Japanese traditions, did combine land and water in a pleasant balance, and it became a popular spot in the new neighborhood.

And no wonder. "It is said that Indians once inhabited this land [of dust and heat] but they died off one by one," a Japanese resident wrote in a letter after describing how phonograph records wilted in the heat and how old people and babies were dying off. "Pray God, that you won't be sent to Poston."

A reporter wrote for a camp publication, "So far this year the mercury has hit only 112, but the old-time residents know that this temperature won't last forever. The summer months are still ahead."

So, whether in the best classical tradition or not, this garden, which served as an inland lake where the children could sail their boats, and which brought the clouds and stars around their feet, must have been gratefully regarded by many an Arizona evacuee.



Francis Stewart

36. AN EARLY BIT OF LANDSCAPE AT POSTON, ARIZONA

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AFTER ARRIVAL, THE JAPANESE BEGAN FIGURING OUT WAYS OF MAKING THEIR ENVIRONMENT MORE INTERESTING AND ATTRACTIVE, COMBINING WATER AND LAND IN MINIATURE LANDSCAPES WHEREVER POSSIBLE.

NATURE PLUS JACKKNIFE WORK

People everywhere—especially country people—delight in discovering nature forms which remind them of something else—animals and birds in wood, the head of an Indian in a piece of stone, images in the clouds. The nature-loving Japanese in the War Relocation Centers discovered and treasured hundreds of such forms.

In the case of natural figures in wood, there were two points of view concerning their treatment and preservation—two schools of thought. The first school would, as far as possible, preserve them in the natural unchanged form, except for cutting away or removing carefully by hand any surplus or dead wood, then work and polish the piece down to its hard parts—to the bone, so to speak. This group patiently scoured their hunting grounds for nature's unblemished masterpieces, discarding specimens conscientiously and ruthlessly. The bird forms on pages 91 and 163 are good examples of this change-as-little-as-possible school.

The second school saw no good reason for not collaborating with nature when nature was so kind as to present them with pieces which seemed to dictate to clever fingers how to follow her lead. It was an irresistible challenge to many, as in the case of the piece opposite, where the artist lent an assisting hand and worked around the head and ears until the character of the subject was brought out the way he felt it.



Jo Tanaka

37. WIND AND SAND SCULPTURE AT MINIDOKA

EXCEPTING FOR THE RESTRAINED CARVING OF THE HEAD OF THIS ANIMAL, AND THE
SQUARING OFF OF HIS FEET AND TAIL, HE IS PRESENTED EXACTLY AS
FOUND IN THE DESERT.

"SHOW BUSINESS"

There were active dramatic groups in several of the War Relocation Centers, but, as with camp music, only the briefest reference can be made to them here. The principal purpose for bringing in a few photographs is to call attention to the resourcefulness, ingenuity, and artistry of the players and their resident associates in making costumes, settings, and properties for their stage plays.

What the Japanese theater people cannot do with paper and paint in the way of stage requisites and properties no one can do. Paper in some form—often sculptured papier-mâché—provided most of the needs of the camps for their dramatic productions, and only close wrong-side-out inspection could have revealed the unglamorous, commonplace nature of the materials used, most of which would ordinarily be consigned to the trash pile.

The Japanese armor costume shown in the photograph is a good example of ingenuity and adaptation. Here, corrugated cardboard, laced together with bright colored cords, is the material employed to simulate the traditional metal and shining lacquer scales of armor. The red and gold helmet is made of old straw hats to which a gilded paper dragon has been added.

These pieces were made at Rohwer, Arkansas, where, during the life of the center, dramatics were prominently featured in the recreation, entertainment, and educational programs. This was due largely to the experience and versatility of Mr. Fukami, formerly director of Engei Kai, a drama organization in Stockton, California. Before coming to the United States, Mr. Fukami had studied drama in Japan. He was conducting a sign shop in Stockton when evacuation came.



Paul Faris

38. ARMOR FOR DRAMATICS AT ROHWER, ARKANSAS

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES FOR PLAYS WERE CLEVERLY CONSTRUCTED FROM WHATEVER MATERIALS COULD BE FOUND AROUND CAMP; THIS GREEN-LACED TRADITIONAL RED AND GOLD ARMOR IS MADE FROM CORRUGATED PAPER.

FOOTLIGHT GLAMOUR

The upper photograph here shows Mr. Fukami, director of the Rohwer drama group, putting finishing touches on a setting for *shibai*. *Shibai* corresponds to our pre-movie melodramas, in which the hero properly disposes of the villain.

Other characteristic forms of Japanese theater are: *kabuki*, or popular theater—performances run for six hours or more, with intermissions between acts for meals in theater restaurants; the puppet shows—human interest comedies, put on for the benefit of adults rather than children, and the renowned *noh* drama, the most aristocratic of all types, whose ornate, classical language, according to S. Wainwright (*Beauty in Japan*) “. . . is comparable in English to that of Chaucer’s ‘Canterbury Tales.’”

In the popular dramas, property men, dressed in black, trot busily all over the stage while the play is in progress, arranging the actors’ clothes, illuminating their faces advantageously, slipping cushions under them, carrying off props no longer needed. According to Japanese etiquette, they are not supposed to be noticed, nor is the prompter, who sits on the stage in plain sight.

The lower photograph opposite shows more of the versatile Mr. Fukami’s handiwork. The boar’s head mask is made of brown paper and has silver tusks, a pink snout and brown leather ears. The human mask, also of papier-mâché, is painted a ghastly blue-green and is rolled out on the floor when a beheading takes place.

The drum in the lower left-hand corner is a paper version of the *tsuzumi*, or “long snare drum beaten with the hand”; drums—three varieties of them—plus one flute always accompany the chanted recitations and rhythmic dances of the *noh* plays. This music, though strange to Western ears, appeals nevertheless, because of its weird charm.

Many musical instruments were made in the camps. In addition to drums, they made several samisen and koto, the most commonly used instruments of the Japanese people. The samisen is a tinkling sort of guitar about the size and shape of a spade; next in popularity, probably, is the koto, a six-foot version of the zither or dulcimer. Some instruments were brought into the camps with the first belongings, so there were musical evenings from the beginning. One of the finest examples of craftsmanship completed in any of the camps was a violin, a model of a Stradivarius in full size, which had been started before evacuation.



Paul Favis

39. "SHOW BUSINESS" PROPERTIES AT ROHWER

PAPER, PAINT, AND WOOD BUILT PROPS AND SETTING FOR A MAKE-BELIEVE WORLD
BEHIND FOOTLIGHTS AT THIS ARKANSAS CAMP.

HEAVEN, EARTH AND MAN

Of hundreds of superb plant and flower arrangements observed in the Relocation Centers, this arrangement of native juniper is one best remembered. To the Western eye, it appeared to be a natural green branch requiring no trimming, but ready to be placed in its receptacle just as found; that is exactly the impression a skillful Japanese arranger creates, often through the most painstaking trimming, bending and shaping.

Japanalia, the reference book to things Japanese, makes a statement which seems to have been written for this juniper bough: "If a single plant, flower, or branch is used, the main part pointing upward represents Heaven, a twig on the right side bent sideways in the shape of a V denotes Man, and the lowest twig or branch on the left signifies Earth."

Mrs. Homma, a teacher of plant and flower arrangement at Heart Mountain, was the artist responsible for this arrangement, which she placed on a shelf situated about four feet above the floor. Silhouetted against the light wall background, the green of the foliage and the dark red-brown of the branches seemed a perfect composition in form, color, and texture in the small barracks apartment.

Mrs. Homma taught many of her neighbors, as well as classes of children, how to arrange native Wyoming plants and garden flowers.



40. ARRANGEMENT OF WILD JUNIPER, HEART MOUNTAIN, WYOMING

THE NATIVE PLANTS AND TREES NEAR THE WESTERN RELOCATION CAMPS OFTEN GAVE WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITIES FOR ORIGINAL PLANT AND FLOWER COMPOSITIONS, JUNIPERS BEING ONE FAVORITE.

"THE BIRD MAN"

H. Niva had come to this country expecting to become a painter. "Then, when I heard music in America, I took up the violin." The wartime evacuation program interrupted preparations for concert work and teaching. In camp he became famous for another interest which had fascinated him from childhood. "I'm crazy a long time about birds," he said, and as soon as we were seated in his tiny room, he went to a pretty bird cage, which he explained a neighbor had made for him from scraps of wood and metal; he released a beautiful pair of Baltimore orioles.

One flew to a branch fastened to the wall near the window, the other to his hand, while he told of his love for wild birds, especially, and the pleasure of taming and caring for them.

This pair he had found about a year and a half before, during a walk at the base of Drum Mountain, about sixteen miles from camp; they were only two or three days old then. "It is molting-time now, and they do not look their best" . . . but they seemed to us to be in perfect condition, and satisfied in their manmade abode.

"They like cake," he said, and took some from a box; both birds flew to his shoulders and one took crumbs from his mouth. He explained that too much cake was not good for anybody, of course, and that it required quite some time to find the worms and catch the insects the birds liked best. But the children in the block were willing hunters, and some of them quite expert.

In another block at Topaz, we came across a tame bird that seemed to belong to all the children of that section—a sparrow sitting on the railing at a barracks entrance; when we did not respond to its chirps for food, it flew down the street to some children who seemed likelier prospects.

In this and other camps, apparently in unrelated places, one would come unexpectedly upon small holes in the ground which formed pools after rain-fall; if rains were delayed so that they dried up, children would fill them again, apparently for the pleasure gained in seeing reflections of sky and clouds, branches or grasses mirrored in their surface.



E. W. Conrad

41. A VIOLINIST TAMED WILD BIRDS AT TOPAZ, UTAH

THESE WILD BIRDS HAD THE RUN OF THIS MUSICIAN'S CUBICLE AT TOPAZ; EVERY CHILD IN THE BLOCK KNEW AND LOVED THEM.

ONCE UPON A TIME

"People go crazy about my painted stones," said A. Takamura in his simple straightforward way about his scores of miniature figures, which certainly no longer resembled stones. Ranging in size from as tiny as your little fingernail to perhaps two inches high, each one had been spied out with some particular role in mind. They represented characters to Mr. Takamura—usually characters from Japanese folk tales—which he would paint in oils, then group together in simple settings to illustrate episodes and scenes which they suggested.

The illustration opposite will give a fair idea of the form of these tiny sets, but little of their interest and charm of color. One need not have knowledge of the folk tales to enjoy them—usually the titles bring them to life; to those familiar with them, the scenes, of course, make an immediate appeal. To the children these painted stones were enchanting.

A few of the more descriptive titles are as follows: "Don't Talk Too Much," "Around the Well," "Live Long until Gray Hair," "Don't Spend Money on Geisha Girls," "Leaving Home," and "Radio Family."

Since coming to camp, Mr. Takamura had developed his skill in painting considerably, and he was also one of the enthusiastic collectors of the nature-carved wood forms so prevalent in the Minidoka countryside.

Probably his favorite of these was his sagebrush eagle flying with a snake; two objects which had been found in different places, but fitted together so perfectly that one would have thought them from the same plant. He had also found a Chinese dog, a coyote, and quite a perfect snail. Hunting for these wood forms was an important diversion to him—good ones were not to be found every day; but when he found a gravel bed, then the characters which "came out at him" were almost too numerous to keep up with.



Jo Tanaka

42. JAPANESE FOLK TALES IN STONES AT MINIDOKA, IDAHO

AN AMATEUR PAINTER COLLECTED SMALL, SPECIALLY SHAPED STONES HALF AN INCH TO TWO OR THREE INCHES TALL, WHICH SUGGESTED FOLK TALE CHARACTERS TO HIS CREATIVE IMAGINATION; THESE HE PAINTED AND ARRANGED IN MINIATURE SCENES, FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF BOTH SMALL AND GROWN-UP CHILDREN.

BRANCHES AND BON-KEI

Nothing could be more characteristic of an arts and crafts exhibit of the Japanese than this arrangement of growing plants and *bon-kei* at one of the first Amache exhibitions in 1943.

The containers for the growing plants were built up from sticks and scraps left over from the building of the barracks, and from pieces of wooden packing cases and crates in which food and other necessities had been shipped in.

The tray landscapes, *bon-kei*, especially characteristic of this center, were among the earlier artifacts displayed, and in this case too the trays were made for the purpose from scrap material. As time passed, residents of the camps were able to get some of their belongings of this kind out of storage, and plant and flower containers were sent in as gifts, so in later photographs much greater variety is noticeable.

This photograph was one of the first intimations of the great outpouring of beautiful handwork that would soon be issuing from the camps.

One can hardly emphasize the fact too often, that when the evacuees arrived at these camps, only the barest of bare essentials were provided for them. So, when the great yearning for some beauty began to search for ways and means of expression, those ways and means had to be provided by nature or by discarded products, or both. At first, even tools had to be made from discards—but they made them.



Pat Coffey

43. BON-KEI AND GROWING PLANT ARRANGEMENT AT AMACHE, COLORADO

Bon-kei (TRAY LANDSCAPES) WERE DEVELOPED ESPECIALLY AT AMACHE. WITH THESE, SHRUBS IN TRADITIONAL ARRANGEMENTS ARE SHOWN AT A CAMP ART EXHIBITION.

DESERT FINDS AND DWARFED TREES

Sometimes it seemed as though the Japanese could draw treasure out of any spot of ground he came across—in the desert, on the mountain, or in his barracks yard. One day a resident of Minidoka, walking in the desert, spied a loose piece of old sagebrush; he picked it up to see what might be imprisoned there, and so was released a beautiful flying bird.

How the gnarled sagebrush and other wild plants were utilized and beautified in the camps is pictured in these pages. Nature lovers made use of desert plants probably never before thought of as having decorative possibilities, and their experiences make a fascinating story.

One Topaz resident, Mr. I. Ishii, was an expert in dwarfing trees. He missed especially a thirty-five-year-old maple which he had developed from a seed and had been compelled to leave behind; it was a perfect tree, and was most beautiful in autumn when the foliage turned to gold and yellow. There was too much sun in the desert for dwarfed trees, but he began experimenting with desert plants and soon found that the common greasewood responded satisfactorily. At the time of relocation in 1945, a greasewood shrub had been coaxed along for two years into very attractive form; it would be interesting to know if it is still flourishing.

"The dwarf tree is not a toy, it is an instrument of contemplation," says Laurence Binyon in *The Spirit of Man in Asian Art*.

But the intention behind them is the same as that behind the garden. It is not a forcing of nature into an unnatural smallness; at least, that is not the point. Just as a man strolling in his garden may imagine himself among streams and great mountains, so, sitting in his room beside a dwarf pine tree and retiring into his own inner mind, he may by intensity of contemplation become himself small as a midget while the tree dilates and towers, and soon he is transformed to the solitude of the forest where the great branches extend far overhead and murmur in the wind.



Jo Tanaka

44. FLIGHT IN THE DESERT; MINIDOKA

NOTHING HAS BEEN DONE TO THIS NATURE-SCULPTURED BIRD, EXCEPT TO REMOVE SURPLUS SOFT WOOD AND HAND-RUB THE SOLID REMAINDER. ONE RESIDENT COLLECTED SUCH FORMS FOR GOING-AWAY PRESENTS FOR HIS FRIENDS.

MR. KOGITA'S GARDEN

Here are two views of one of the most original of all the gardens constructed in the Relocation Camps. It was designed and built by Y. Kogita of Block 5 in Minidoka.

Rocks of volcanic origin—indigenous to this region—lava and other stones furnish the foundation material. Some of these were brought in from as far away as two miles; all were used just as found. For the hauling, Mr. Kogita built a platform handcart similar to the Gila River cart (page 31), but without the rack. Wheels were similarly constructed of laminated scrap wood, axles and hubs of water pipes.

The garden was situated where it was possible to take advantage of overflow supplies of water from the community laundry and bathhouse, so the designer added a fountain and two fish ponds. Laundries and bathhouses everywhere were utilized in this manner, the water being distributed just about as desired with rubber hose.

The plants, as well as the rocks here are native to the region, perennials having been transplanted, and annuals grown from seed. Represented also were cattails, willows and sagebrush. Mr. Kogita was especially proud of his towering sunflower plant, which he explained came as a complete surprise to him; the seed might have been left by some bird, he thought, and taken root without his knowledge, and now on this day in early September, it had between seventy and a hundred flowers.

Another view of this garden appears on the next page.



Jo Tanaka

45. ROCK GARDEN AT MINIDOKA, IDAHO

THE VOLCANIC ROCKS AND ALL THE PLANTS ARE LOCAL, AND SO ARE THE FISH IN THE SMALL PONDS, WHICH CAME FROM BROOKS A FEW MILES AWAY.

SYMBOL OF PERSISTENCE

This chimney rock is a part of the garden shown in the previous photograph, being situated immediately to the left of the scene. Like all the stones used for this garden, it is of volcanic formation; but this was the giant of them all, weighing about a thousand pounds; other rocks weighed from one hundred to several hundred pounds.

Mr. Kogita's young sons, twelve and thirteen years old, gave him a helping hand with the heavy pieces. A brief description of the cart used is given on page 92. To keep the wheels from sinking in the sand, Mr. Kogita cut up oilcans and nailed wide strips of tin all around. It took him about two months to get the rocks in for the main garden, and an entire week to loosen and separate the large rock from its bed. Fortunately, he owned a crowbar. After he had dug it out, he discovered that the large rock had a hole running through it from top to bottom, so he called it "Stove-pipe Rock." It was all very rough work, but most people think the result was worth it.

While they do not show very clearly in the previous picture, there are two stone-lined pools divided by a little bridge. They were built to encourage the growth of transplanted native water plants; fresh-water fish from a near-by stream swim about in them.



Jo Tanaka

46. DETAIL OF MINIDOKA ROCK GARDEN

THIS LARGE CHIMNEY ROCK, WEIGHING ABOUT ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, WAS TRANSPORTED FROM THE DESERT ON A PLATFORM CART MADE FOR THE PURPOSE; IT TOOK A WEEK FOR THE INDEFATIGABLE GARDENER TO SEPARATE THE ROCK FROM ITS NATURAL BED.

APPRECIATION

What the opportunity to do creative work meant to the Japanese during the period of evacuation and relocation can be sensed by one who runs through these illustrations. But a word should be said of what this work, when shown in exhibitions, meant to those who viewed them: to the evacuees, to the members of the administrative staff, and to visitors to the camps from near-by places.

Long before the ten Relocation Centers could be made ready to receive the evacuees, they were taken from their homes and working places and sent to fifteen preliminary assembly centers, usually fairgrounds or race tracks. During this stage—perhaps the most confusing, uncertain, and trying of the entire removal period—some of the Japanese turned at once to the arts in their broad sense, to the creating of objects and surroundings of beauty so that they might be helped to bear with reason, grace, and dignity, the situation into which they had been thrust by forces beyond their control.

Enough credit can never be given to the artists, the teachers, and others who, when voluntary evacuation was halted by the government and all persons of Japanese ancestry were taken to the fifteen temporary reception centers, began to encourage their companions and new associates to turn to creative work of their own choice; and who set the first examples by doing so themselves.

It was in these first temporary camps that the seeds were planted by the Japanese themselves, which later flowered in the arts and crafts exhibitions that contributed so much to the life, the culture, and the morale of the Relocation Centers. These exhibitions were held, not in just one or two special centers, but in every one of the ten; and in each, of course, the great majority of visitors were the evacuees themselves.



Pat Coffey

47. VISITORS AT AN ART EXHIBITION AT AMACHE, COLORADO

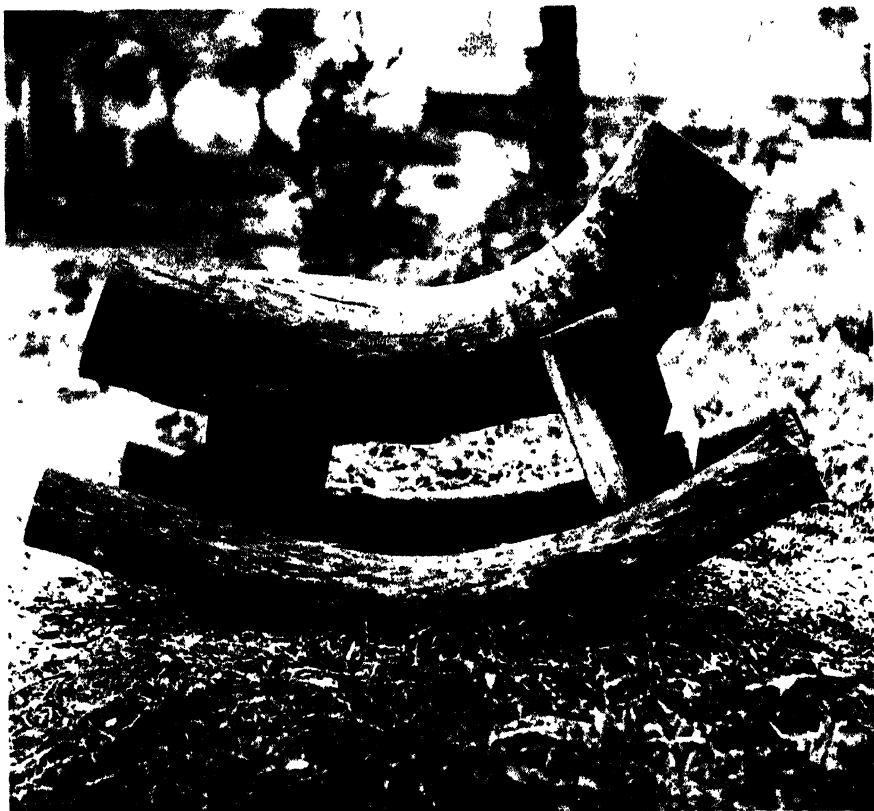
THE ATTENDANCE OF CAMP RESIDENTS AT THE ARTS AND CRAFTS FESTIVAL IN AMACHE WAS PROOF OF WHAT THESE EVENTS MEANT TO THE EVACUEES. THIS EXHIBITION WAS SPONSORED BY THE EDUCATIONAL DIVISION OF WRA AND THE *Pioneer*, THE CENTER NEWSPAPER. EXHIBITIONS OF THE ARTS OF THE JAPANESE WERE HELD IN EVERY CAMP, ALWAYS WITH LARGE NUMBERS ATTENDING.

A GIFT FROM THE FOREST

This sturdy, yet spirited steed was a great favorite with the children at Rohwer, where an abundance of trees cut down to make way for roads and barracks construction placed within the reach of the woodcutters just the materials they needed for community playgrounds or smaller open spaces.

In all the camps were evidences of the love and thoughtfulness of elders for their children, not only from parents, big brothers and sisters, but from the many who became, through these new and trying circumstances, aunts and uncles by adoption. Everywhere, the spirit seemed to be, "We must not fail the children."

So, whenever there was an opportunity for a miniature lake, a gazing pool, a sand mountain, a whirligig, or any other contrivance for the children, there were plenty of willing hands to see it through.



Paul Farris

48. A HOBBYHORSE FOR THE CHILDREN AT ROHWER

AT ROHWER AND JEROME, MANY TREES WERE CUT DOWN TO CLEAR SPACE FOR STREETS AND BARRACKS; TRUNKS AND LIMBS WERE OFTEN TURNED INTO STURDY PLAYTHINGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

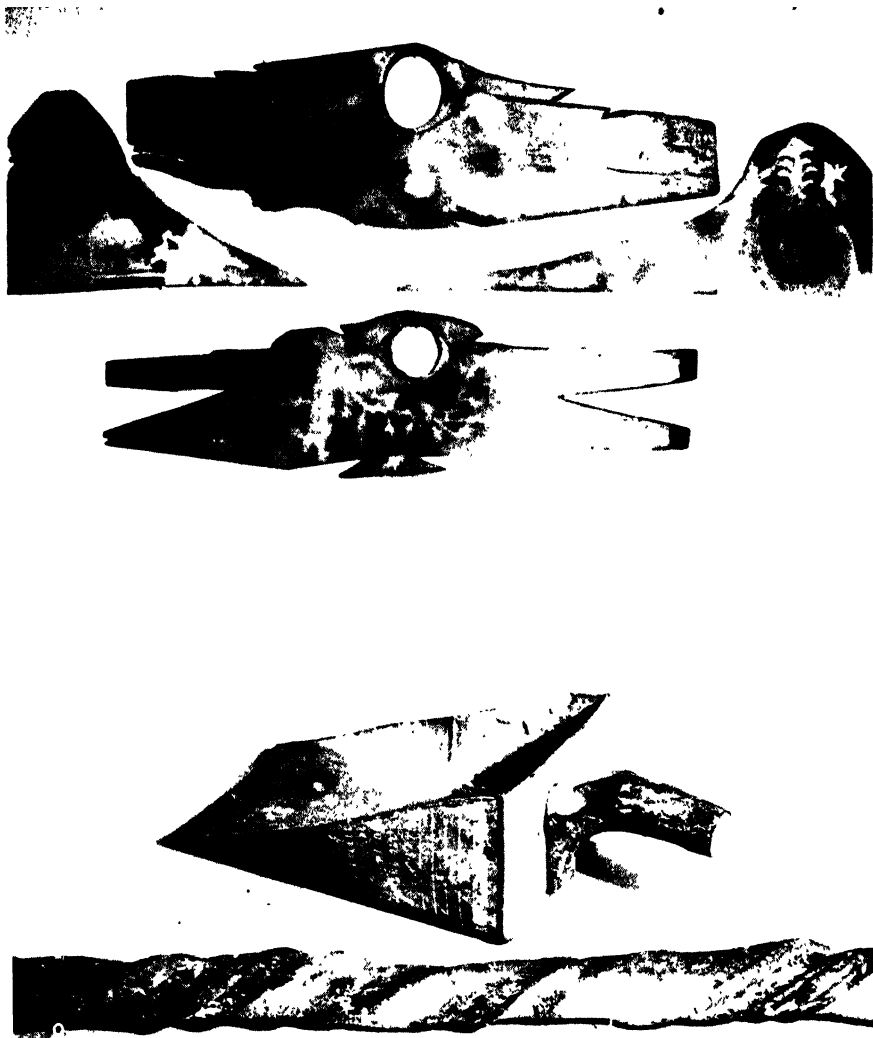
FIRE AND SMOKE

When Mr. S. Imura was musing over the odd sizes, shapes, and knotholes in the fuel pile at Heart Mountain, he began to wonder what special use he might make of them.

His invention for decorating the pieces was as simple as it was original. With scissors he cut decorative patterns out of newspaper, and pasted them to the boards. He then held the boards over an open flame, manipulating them so that at no time would the paper catch fire, but the entire surface would take on the gradations of brown from the dark smoke and the light flame. After the boards had cooled, he peeled off the paper, leaving the pattern to show in the original board color. He arranged many of them in a kind of ornamental frieze around the walls of the barracks room which he and his wife occupied.

The visit to the Imuras was made only a few weeks before they were scheduled to leave camp, presumably to return to their former home in Alameda, where they had a large house filled with many antiques and valuable art works of Japan. Photographs of some of these were shown to the writer, who suggested, "Soon you will be home again with your treasures." "No," Mr. Imura answered, "it may be some time yet." Then he explained that ten families were occupying his house and that he could not think of displacing them. He would have to find another place, he said, where he and his wife could live until these people had a chance to relocate themselves; he could have no pleasure in it otherwise.

Always on the lookout for nature forms that could be put to practical use, a resident from Rohwer found a beautifully twisted poker and a handle for this oilcan fire shovel.



49. PYROGRAPHY FROM HEART MOUNTAIN; FIRE TOOLS FROM ROHWER

NEWSPAPER, SCISSORS, A BOARD, AND SOME SMOKE PRODUCED THE WALL DECORATIONS (*photo H. Sturm*); SCRAP TIN AND NATURE-CARVED WOOD MADE SHOVEL AND POKER (*photo Paul Faris*); HUMAN INGENUITY AND ORIGINALITY INSPIRED BOTH GROUPS.

"THE THIRD OF THE THIRD MOON"

The Girls' Day Doll Festival stands out among the children's days celebrated by residents of the Relocation Centers. The ancient customs connected with it were probably observed in every camp on March 3, "the third of the third moon," bringing to the households beautifully dressed doll figures arranged in prescribed order, the gold screen background, the lanterns, the peach blossoms (it is also called "The Peach Blossom Festival"), the rice cakes in toy dishes, and the scrolls of family history.

Mrs. Sagawa, who prepared this scene for Girls' Day, learned how to make dolls at Rohwer; in Los Angeles, she had been a dressmaker. Because of wartime restrictions, she was unable to obtain silk for the traditional wedding costume for the Emperor and Empress, but she substituted crepe paper, which proved very effective against the gold screen.

Frederic de Garis in a "Believe It or Not" page of *We Japanese* describes an annual memorial service held at a Tokyo Primary School for dolls that have been broken and damaged beyond repair:

The dolls are buried in the playground of the school, their grave being marked by a stone about 2 ft. high, inscribed "Grave of Dolls." Since the service was started in 1918 several hundred broken dolls have been buried there. The ceremony is always largely attended by school children and their mothers. Priests chant the sutra intended to compose the soul of the dead.

Although the customs of the Japanese concerning their children and their children's festival days change gradually with time and circumstances, as do the customs of all people, the mutual relationship of parents and children remain unchanged. This relationship is well described by Laurence Oliphant:

Upon no occasion, though children were numerous, did I ever see a child struck or otherwise maltreated. The obedience and reverence manifested by children towards their parents is unbounded; while the confidence placed by parents in their children is represented to be without limit. Parents select their children to be arbitrators in their disputes with others, and submit implicitly to their decisions.

An instance of warm mutual understanding between old and young in Japan is related on page 132.



Paul Faris

50. CEREMONIAL DOLLS FOR GIRLS' DAY, MARCH 3, AT
ROHWER, ARKANSAS

MOST HIGHLY PRIZED OF JAPANESE DOLLS ARE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS FIGURES (*Daira-sama*). FESTIVAL DOLLS ARE BROUGHT OUT ONLY ONCE A YEAR, THEN CAREFULLY PACKED AWAY UNTIL NEXT TIME.

"STAR AND CRESCENT" CABINET

This unusual, though characteristically Japanese cabinet is one of the pieces fashioned by a resident who had always wanted to work in wood, but had never before had the opportunity. Tools were not available to him, so he made his own from saws, automobile springs, worn-out files, and other discarded metals.

His first inclination was to do something in the American tradition, but his material was red elm, an untraditional wood, but with an interesting and pronounced grain; so it seemed, upon reflection, to call for a special, more unusual treatment. The cabinet shown here, which he designed and built, has some features characteristically Japanese, but it is unique and original too. One of the very interesting details is the star and crescent moon motif. When asked about it, the craftsman said it was a reminder of an evening at Rohwer when every resident was out watching the sky. One August night in 1944, a shining star came almost within the crescent of the new moon, closer than it had been for sixty years, or would be again for another sixty years. The many who saw it would never forget it, and only a few little children would ever behold the beautiful sight again.

It was a reminder to the writer of the only other instance of which he ever knew when this rare heavenly sight had been recorded in American handicrafts. This was a piecework quilt done by a Southern Highlands woman soon after the star was seen approaching the crescent in the Tennessee mountains in 1884.



51. FURNITURE AT ROHWER, SOUTHEASTERN ARKANSAS

THIS TYPICALLY JAPANESE, THOUGH ORIGINAL, CABINET WAS MADE BY A MAN WHO CAME FROM KOREA. HE FOUND IN RED ELM, CUT BY THE CAMP SAWMILL, THE MATERIAL HE WANTED FOR HIS AMATEUR FURNITURE WORK.

TREE TREASURE

The popularity of *kobus*, those interesting natural growths of wood, is referred to often here, pages 10, 32, and 114. They are often sufficiently interesting in their form and texture to serve as ornaments without having any other use.

But sometimes a hollow *kobu* would be found, and this was an exciting event around camp, for they are quite rare. After being stripped of surplus covering, it might serve as a flower vase, a receptacle for paint brushes, or, if particularly beautiful, purely as a decoration; it was always an interesting speculation to see what finally would be revealed.

Sometimes—as here—a bit of carving would be done on the piece to enhance its natural attractiveness, or add an Oriental touch, the design falling in pleasantly with whatever bumps, hollows, or lines nature provided.

If one wished a wooden receptacle in a hurry, it would be easy to cut a solid section of a small tree or limb and hollow it out; but that would not compare in satisfaction to finding a piece which nature, taking plenty of time in her own way, had prepared for this purpose.



52. KOBU VASE WITH RESTRAINED DECORATION

ONCE IN A LONG TIME A *kobu* HUNTER WILL FIND A HOLLOW PIECE OF WOOD JUST RIGHT TO SERVE AS A FLOWER CONTAINER OR EVEN AS A DECORATIVE PIECE WITHOUT SPECIAL UTILITY. THEN THE QUESTION COMES—SHALL IT BE LEFT PLAIN AS IT IS, OR DOES IT DESERVE A LITTLE ORNAMENTATION? THE AMATEUR REGISTERED HIS FEELING IN FAVOR OF A RESTRAINED SURFACE CARVING.

NEW WAYS WITH OUR WILD PLANTS

This unfamiliar treatment of one of our most familiar plants, the cattail, is typical of many blendings of Orient and Occident which brought pleasure at the camp exhibitions.

To the volumes already in existence describing more than one hundred schools of Japanese flower arrangement, a new one could now be added limited to American plants and flowers which the Japanese found growing wild in the vicinity of the ten Relocation Centers. A few of these, of course, were native to Japan too, but most were not; hence there were hundreds of instances where traditional principles of composition were applied to native American plants, creating new forms of beauty.

An explanation for such enthusiasm for plants which we too often overlook is made by Frank Brinkley, who wrote an authoritative eight-volume history about Japan: "The Japanese consider that the beauty of a plant or a tree is not derived from its blossoms more than from the manner of its growth. The curve of a bough, the bend of a stalk, has for him a charm equal to that presented by the shape of the petal and the tint of the blossom."



Paul Favis

53. ARRANGEMENT OF CATTAILS

CATTAILS, GATHERED FIFTEEN MILES FROM ROHWER CENTER, ARRANGED BY AN AMATEUR IN A WOODEN TRAY (*suiban*), MADE OF PACKING CRATE WOOD AND PAINTED LIGHT GREEN INSIDE.

REWARD FOR A VERSE MAKER

Every War Relocation Center had its poetry societies with contests sometimes extending to other camps. The decorated wooden panel shown here was made for a prize winner from Minidoka, Idaho, where it was photographed. The panel is thought to have been made at Tule Lake, California, because of the shells used to represent plum blossoms. The poem may be in the handwriting of the verse maker, but is more likely to have been done by a camp calligrapher, as his contribution to the poetry award. In the foreground, resting on a branch, is a small warbler, carved from wood and painted green.

The poem is written in the seventeen-syllable three-line form (*hokku*) most frequently used in camp verse competitions. It is a record of a subjective experience of the poet who, after an absence, comes back to find everyone away. Roughly translated, it reads: "I came back. I sat alone in a detached room in the autumn dusk."

Another favorite poetry form in the camps was the *tanka*, a five-line verse, containing in order five, seven, five, seven, and seven syllables.

"At some remote date," writes one author, "a Japanese maker of songs seems to have discovered that a peculiar and very fascinating rhythm is produced by lines containing five syllables and seven syllables alternately." (From *History of the Japanese People*, Brinkley and Kikuchi.)

It is difficult for us Westerners to understand how deeply ingrained poetry is in the lives of the Japanese. Brinkley said that at one time it came near to being a test of fitness for office, that the situation was comparable to the President of the United States giving a reception to civil and military officials, passing around pens and paper and inviting them to spend several hours composing verses on themes set by him, the pastime repeated ". . . day after day, until the construction of the couplets became an engrossing national occupation."

There was nothing effeminate about the practice; at one time, poetry writing and football were the two highest achievements that Japanese noblemen could aspire to, and were called "the two ways."



Jo Tanaka

54. PANEL FOR POETRY PRIZE, TULE LAKE, CALIFORNIA

EVERY CAMP HAD ITS POETRY SOCIETIES AND CONTESTS; THIS PANEL OF PLUM BLOSSOMS (SHELLS) AND BIRD (CARVED WOOD) WAS DESIGNED AS A SETTING FOR A PRIZE-WINNING POEM.

REMEMBRANCE OF ANCIENT DAYS

This small room, beautiful in its simplicity, was built by the Japanese in one of the tar-paper shacks at Tule Lake, and set aside for the teaching of the tea ceremony, which, from its ancient beginnings has served to promote and to maintain mental composure.

That these uprooted people, during their period of internment, turned to their beloved cultural rite is one of the most touching instances in any camp, of their deep desire to make the best of a harsh, confusing, and undeserved situation, and to co-operate in every way possible to improve it.

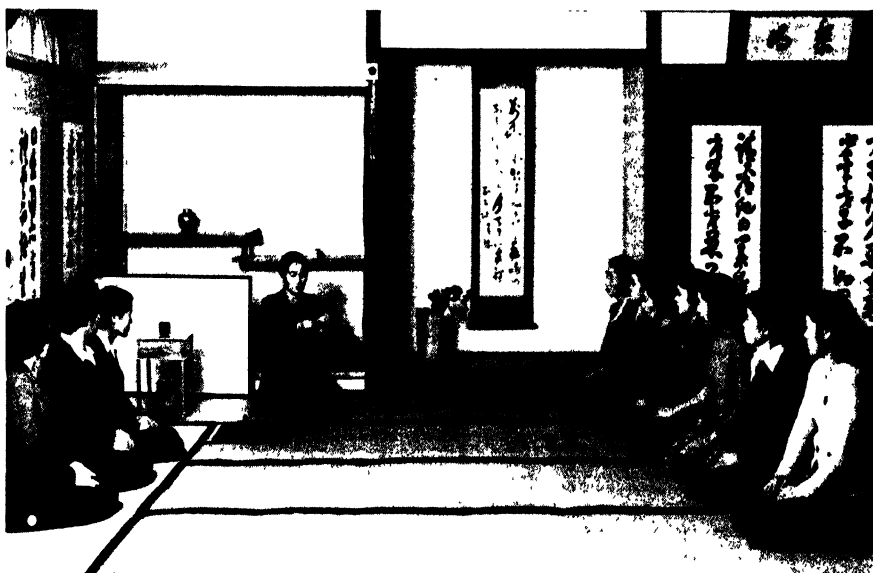
Tule Lake was the center to which practically all evacuees who had proved troublesome, who had been under guard, or under suspicion, were sent; and it was here also that the barbed-wire enclosures were retained longer than in the other camps. But it was here, too, that the Japanese brought to the situation their high concept of meeting and enduring it. During the period of detention tea ceremony classes were conducted, as well as classes in good manners, flower arrangement and other branches of the peoples' arts conducive to thoughtfulness, calmness, dignity, and beauty.

It is probably difficult for the casual Westerner to appreciate the tea ceremony with its many unfamiliar formalities. But perhaps the most authoritative and illuminating work on the subject for one seeking information is Okakura's *The Book of Tea*. He says ". . . Cha-no-yu, the Rites of Tea, is little less than fine art applied to life. Anyone well versed in the code of tea ceremonial should be able to govern his deportment on all occasions with the ease, the dignity, and the grace essential for the refinements of life."

In his book, *We Japanese*, Frederic de Garis says:

In the mere handling of the utensils employed there must be the utmost exactness, and not a single error must occur in the performance of the function itself. It is declared by its devotees that the accurate and delicate performance of each act teaches precision, poise and tranquility, courtesy, sincerity, unselfishness and daintiness, and produces harmony in every sense.

The little tearoom at Tule Lake will always be to those who remember it a symbol of the never-ending quest of the dispossessed Japanese to experience beauty in their everyday existence, and to strive to find ways of perfection in an imperfect world.



Robert H. Ross

55. TEACHING TEA CEREMONY (*CHA-NO-YU*) AT TULE LAKE

THE TEA CEREMONY CLASSES WERE CONDUCTED IN ORDER TO HELP THESE UPROOTED PEOPLE MAINTAIN DIGNITY AND POISE WHILE MEETING DIFFICULT PROBLEMS. UPPER PICTURE SHOWS STARTING OF THE FIRE WITH CHARCOAL—*sumitemae*; LOWER, A SCENE IN THE ADVANCED TEA CEREMONY CLASS.

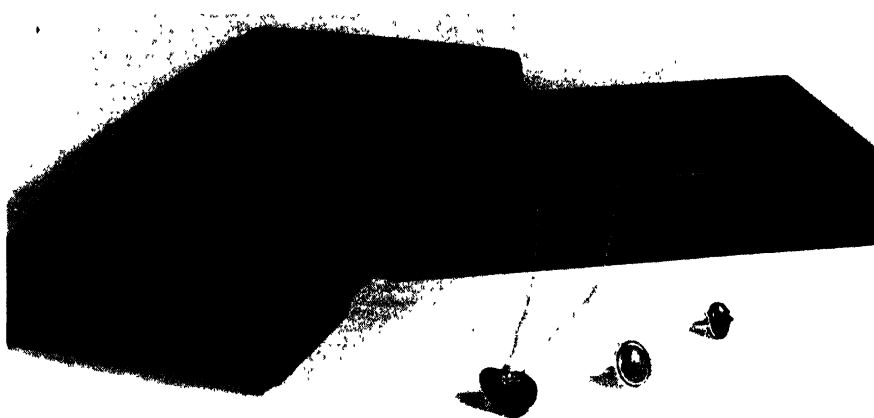
HONEY LOCUST AND IRONWOOD

Probably no people have ever developed a greater sensitivity to wood than the Japanese. They have the deepest interest in the natural forms of growth, and a fine understanding of how the natural forms can be adapted to objects of use and beauty. The experience of evacuation and relocation gave many persons their first vital contacts with wood.

This *kobu* is from a honey locust tree at the War Relocation Camp at Rohwer, Arkansas. The peculiar and attractive oyster-shell-like form of this growth would alone have interested any *kobu* hunter, but the rare lemon-yellow color on the inside of the shell gave it a special beauty which set it apart from all other specimens. A cross section of the trunk or a large limb of a locust tree will often reveal this strata of color, but to find the color transferred or carried into a *kobu* form is quite extraordinary; it was probably not discovered until the specimen was cleared of old and surplus soft wood.

The ironwood box was made from probably the hardest wood that grows in North America. It is so hard that in its native region, the southwestern area of the United States, builders, carpenters, and cabinetmakers do not often risk dulling or breaking their tools on it—they leave it alone. But to the Japanese craftsmen it was a challenge. With admiration and respect for the resisting qualities and the beautiful grain and structure of the wood, he would sit down and study the piece, and finally work out in his mind the form he thought it should take. Then with infinite patience, he would go to work, quite often using tools of his own making. The result would be a piece of cabinet work that most craftsmen would consider impossible to achieve. One truly intrepid camp craftsman went so far as to try sculpture in this adamant material and he produced a very creditable likeness of a stealthy jaguar stalking its prey.

The jewelry shown with the ironwood box was made at Topaz, Utah.



56. NATURE AND ART IN WOOD FROM ARKANSAS AND ARIZONA

THIS *kobu* FROM A HONEY LOCUST TREE AT ROHWER IS UNCHANGED, EXCEPT AFTER REMOVAL OF SURPLUS SOFT WOOD; IT HAS BEEN HAND-POLISHED UNTIL THE LEMON-COLORED LINING SHINES.

Paul Fayis

THE NEATLY JOINED AND HIGHLY POLISHED BOX FROM GILA RIVER IS OF IRONWOOD, WHICH WAS TOO HARD FOR ORDINARY SAWS, SO IT WAS LABORIOUSLY CUT WITH SPECIAL BLADES, SOMETIMES WITH ABRASIVES.

John D. Schiff

INHERITANCE

This fine small tray composition of artificial plum blossoms and pine, by an unknown resident of Tule Lake is a symbol of many, indeed of most, of the creations shown in these pages. The most surprising fact about this extraordinary outpouring of appropriate objects of good taste—and many of them beautiful—is that the great majority of objects were made by unschooled persons who had never before done work of this kind.

How to account for this unprecedented flowering of the arts under circumstances which seemed least conducive, and through people from all walks of life, whose former work and employment—almost without exception—was in no way related to the things which they here did so well? That is a question which most everyone asks, but it is not an easy question to answer. It does deserve thought and study.

Part of the answer seems to be that the unprecedented situation gave many a person who had long—consciously or unconsciously—yearned to make some beautiful thing, the time in which to do it. For instance, as previously noted, one Japanese woman whose exquisite needlework was rated the highest in a large class in embroidery, had never before, during her hard years at truck gardening, had the opportunity or the leisure time to attempt such work.

But the combination of time and opportunity is only a partial explanation, because back of that had to be the incentive, the impelling force and the urge to good taste, which, in this case, was felt by hundreds of people in each camp and by many thousands altogether.

Perhaps the truest explanation of this turning to the arts, to the creation of beauty in a time of crisis, is that the arts in their broad sense have always been an inseparable part of Japanese life and culture. The innate recognition of the fitting thing, the beautiful thing—even in the simplest circumstances of life—is a basic principle; it is in reality a religion. And when the opportunity came to put that principle into action, they were prepared by experience and tradition and feeling to do it. And they did do it.



Robert H. Ross

57. "PLUM BLOSSOMS AND PINE"—TULE LAKE, CALIFORNIA

WHEN THIS SYMBOLIC ARTIFICIAL FLOWER PIECE WAS DISCOVERED AND PHOTOGRAPHED, THE PHOTOGRAPHER SEARCHED A LONG TIME FOR THE ARTIST. HE REPORTED AT LAST, "I COULD NOT FIND WHO MADE THE LOVELY THING. 'SOME OLD WOMAN,' IS ALL I COULD FIND OUT."

FABULOUS TRADITION

One of the finest examples of needlework design and execution to come out of any of the camps is this magpie and grape composition photographed at Manzanar, California, and presumably made there. The magpie appears in many parts of the world—Europe, Africa, Asia. The one found in western North America is scientifically classed as a subspecies, but is nonetheless beautiful for that and was included in embroidery motifs, paintings, and handicrafts in several camps.

Embroidery is one of the crafts in which the Japanese for centuries have held unrivaled and undisputed supremacy, over all of the world. "There may be two opinions about Japanese painting, but there can be only one about Japanese embroidery," said Professor Chamberlain in *Things Japanese*, who advised all travelers to visit the famous embroidery shops, but to "take plenty of money," because they rightfully were plenty expensive.

So many volumes have been written in praise of the quality of Japanese embroideries that as we contemplate the great flowering of this art in the War Relocation Camps of our country two other brief quotations may be allowed.

In *Jinriksha Days*, K. Scidmore writes: ". . . They can simulate the hair and fur of animals, the plumage of birds, the hard scales of fishes and dragons, the bloom on fruit, the dew on flowers . . . the clear reflection of lacquer, the glaze of porcelains and the patina of bronzes in a way impossible to any but the Japanese hand and needle. . . ."

Audsley, in his *Ornamental Arts of Japan*, says:

Some dresses were covered with complete landscapes, in which rock, waterfalls, trees, flowers, human figures, animals and birds, were depicted with wonderful skill and decorative effect. . . . Others again, were embroidered with flights of cranes and wild geese, masses of flowers and countless insects, or with such startling objects as octopus, crawfish, tortoises, gigantic spiders . . . and demons. Robes entirely covered with snow scenes, moonlit pictures, sunset effects and rain storms, were frequently worn on the stage. Of the colours and gorgeous contrasts of these costumes it is impossible to give a clear description. . . .

New themes were worked into the embroideries of those who dwelt for a time in our War Relocation Camps, for like the painters, the needleworkers often recorded life around them. The symbolical frontispiece of this volume is an excellent example of this new and effective use of a very old and beautiful art to communicate thoughts and experiences through the ancient and expressive medium of embroidery.



Toyo Miyatake

58. EMBROIDERY FROM MANZANAR, CALIFORNIA

A FINE EXAMPLE OF EMBROIDERY IN THE JAPANESE TECHNIQUE AND TRADITION IS THIS DESIGN OF A MAGPIE AND GRAPES.

PINCHED PAPER AND GLUE

Tsumami, one of the little arts of Japan, was practiced early in several of the camps, probably because something decorative could be made with the simplest equipment and commonest material at minimum expense, plus the fact that it was a skill not too difficult to learn.

In Japan, a good quality silk is used for *tsumami*. But silk, of course, was not available in the camps, or anywhere else in our country, during the war, so the *tsumami* workers used paper, usually crepe paper, instead; and the common name for the slightly revised craft came to be known in the camps, as "picture making with pinched paper."

The art of *tsumami* as Mrs. Tsubouchi of Rohwer is demonstrating to her daughter in the photograph was practiced pretty much as follows: a rigid piece of cardboard or wood was used as a background or base; upon this the design was drawn, then the many colorful pieces of paper would be stiffened with starch or glue, applied with an adhesive—sometimes store-bought, sometimes kitchen-made—and crushed and pinched as desired. Being very lightweight, the pieces would adhere well to the background and thus be fairly durable.

Mrs. Tsubouchi made the discovery at Rohwer, that crepe paper was a satisfactory substitute for silk, and taught her pupils how to utilize it. In the photograph she is using crepe paper, which was almost always available, but when it was not, pieces of newspaper were soaked, dipped into the dye pots and inched into shape with quite satisfactory results. The art of *tsumami*, therefore, because of its all-around simplicity, its economy, and elasticity, came to be one of the most welcome means of decorating in the Relocation Camps.



Paul Paris

59. MAKING A *TSUMAMI* PICTURE AT ROHWER, ARKANSAS

IN THIS INTERESTING FORM OF JAPANESE ART, SMALL DETAILS, SUCH AS THE FEATHERS IN THIS DESIGN, ARE MADE OF SILK WHICH IS DIPPED IN PASTE, APPLIED, AND PRESSED ON THE CARDBOARD BACKGROUND. AS SILK WAS NOT OBTAINABLE, MRS. TSUBOUCHI SUBSTITUTED CREPE PAPER WITH QUITE SATISFACTORY RESULTS.

DANCE FOR LIBERATED SPIRITS

Those who saw or took part in the Buddhist Bon Odori Festival under the Colorado desert sky will long remember it. One evening in the summer of 1943, over one thousand dancers of Amache, most of them dressed in Japanese costume, came together after supper, and to the Oriental rhythms of flutes, drums, and singing, carried the festival far into the night.

The Bon Odori is usually held as a part of O-Bon, Feast of Lanterns, a memorial festival, which, in many parts of the ancestral country is celebrated for three days and nights. On the first day, the people gather in the cemeteries, where they put family graves in order, burn incense, then, as darkness falls, hang white paper lanterns on the graves and invite the spirits of their loved ones to return to earth and visit their old homes once more. They escort them there, guiding them by the light of lanterns to protect them from stumbling over stones and rough places in the road, carrying on affectionate conversations with them meanwhile. During the next two days the spirits are honored guests in the homes, and are offered every comfort and consideration.

On the third evening of the festival, communities meet to participate in the religious folk dance—Bon Odori (Bon Dance), or Dance of Rejoicing for liberated spirits. After the festivities are over, the spirits are again escorted back to their grave-homes. Farewell fires at house fronts serve as beacons along the return route, and often spectacular bonfires are burned high on hill tops and mountainsides, by way of bidding them farewell.



Joe McClelland

60. BON ODORI DANCERS GATHER FOR BUDDHIST FESTIVAL

**MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND AMACHE, COLORADO, DANCERS PARTICIPATED IN THIS
MEMORIAL FESTIVAL HELD AT NIGHT UNDER THE DESERT SKY.**

BON ODORI

Here are three young dancers—a detail of the Bon Odori Dance Festival held under the auspices of the Buddhist Church at Amache Relocation Camp, as shown in the previous illustration.

Bon-Odori, a primitive community religious folk dance, and held in the summer to honor the dead, is, as Mr. de Garis says, "The Dance of Rejoicing for the Souls that have been liberated from their sufferings in the Buddhist Hells into a state of celestial bliss." (From *We Japanese*.)

It is essentially a rhythmic posture dance, in which the participants form a circle and dance with expressionless faces to the music of flutes, drums, and singing. Swaying, posturing in unison, they gesture with the arms, clap their hands, and stamp their feet to the rhythm, which changes with succeeding numbers, and festivities continue far into the night.

The costumes worn are often gorgeous in color and design—the girls usually carry fans tucked into their sashes, which they use freely during intermissions and often as part of the dance gestures. Although O-Bon is performed in memory of the dead and no emotion is shown in the faces, the character of the dances is entirely joyful; even comic and rustic elements are brought into some of the numbers.

Roughly classified, Japanese dancing can be divided into three general types:

(1) *Mai*—classical dancing, usually performed by professionals, and likened to the "graceful movements of the crane at dawn."

(2) *Odori*—the popular dance of the people. "It means the spontaneous expression of joy with gesture of hands and feet common to all people."

(3) *Furi*, or *Shosa*—the dramatic dance, woven into the action of *noh* plays and other forms of drama.

The popular form with which we are most concerned here, may be learned in a very short time; at a recently observed Buddhist Bon Odori Festival in New York City, the announcer at the loud-speaker several times invited the fascinated spectators to join the dancers in the roped-off section of the street, and many of them did.



Joe McClelland

61. THREE YOUNG DANCERS, AMACHE, COLORADO

DETAIL FROM THE BUDDHIST CHURCH FESTIVAL GIVEN AT NIGHT AT GRANADA,
IN AUGUST, 1943.

FOR A BUDDHIST HOUSEHOLD

This Buddhist household temple, hand-carved and hand-joined, was made for one of the Arkansas barracks homes. It was not constructed of waste materials, as were most of the objects shown in these illustrations, but of carefully selected wood.

It is of excellent design and craftsmanship; motifs used in the carved designs are lotus blossoms—Buddhist emblems of triumph over self—and flying doves; the border is of inlaid wood, and the niche inside is for the sacred image.

In addition to the Buddhist churches, Protestant and Catholic Christian groups were also represented at the camps, and schedules for Mass, Sunday schools, Junior Worship, Issei Services, and Combined Services announced in local camp publications. At Christmastime festivities were conducted for all the residents in their mess halls or assembly rooms; for instance, Minidoka, with its thirty-five mess halls, had a Christmas block party in each hall.



Paul Faris

62. BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT ROHWER, ARKANSAS

NEW LUMBER WAS OBTAINED AND A CAREFUL SELECTION MADE FROM IT FOR THIS PIECE. THE JOINING, CARVING, INLAY, AND POLISHING WAS ALL DONE BY ONE PERSON.

PLANT OF TWENTY DAYS

One of the first art exhibitions to be held in a Relocation Camp was at Amache, Colorado, in September, 1942, when the residents joined in a Labor Day Festival. The display of artificial flowers at this exhibition was the surprise event of the week for both members of the administrative staff and camp residents.

The question of where the flower makers got the paper and cloth, the wire and the coloring materials mystified them almost as much as how there had been so much unsuspected talent in their midst.

It was later revealed that the women, especially, had saved every scrap of usable paper and string from packages that had been sent in, and that the wire for flower stems had been snipped from surplus window screen material, just as it had been saved and used at Poston, Arizona, for legs and feet of their small carved birds (see page 28).

The peony—sometimes known as the Plant of Twenty Days—has long been a favorite flower with the Japanese. The container for this beautiful artificial flower was made by a resident from a slab found in a fuel pile, cut into four sections about three inches high and joined together, the bark left on.



Francis Stewart

63. ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS AT AMACHE, COLORADO

A LABOR DAY FESTIVAL WAS CELEBRATED IN 1942 WITH A FINE EXHIBITION OF HANDMADE FLOWERS, ARRANGED IN CONTAINERS MADE IN THE CAMP; THE RECEPTACLE FOR THIS PEONY IS MADE FROM WOOD SLABS WITH THE BARK LEFT ON.

DREAM EMERGING

A favorite motif of the amateur craftsmen in the War Relocation Centers was the American Eagle. It was carved in miniature many times in Poston, Arizona, in relief at Amache, Colorado, done in *tsumami* at Rohwer, crocheted in pillow covers at Topaz, Utah, embroidered in linen and silk at Heart Mountain, Wyoming, discovered in nature-formed Minidoka sagebrush; but probably the largest eagle of all was carved, as shown here, from the trunk of a hardwood tree at Rohwer Center, Arkansas.

The carver never completely separated the figure of his bird from the tree in which he first visualized it, but preferred to leave it as though it were just beginning to emerge from earth-bound material—with wing tips, body, and feet still not quite free to soar into space.

Probably in all time, it is the Japanese who have most loved wood as a sculpture medium. "Here is no docile substance like the others of a characterless structure," says Langdon Warner in his book, *The Craft of the Japanese Sculptor*.—"Stubborn, insisting on its own run of grain, sudden with knots, in the hands of a man who respects it, wood helps the carver to unexpected beauties of line."



Tom Parker

64. WOOD CARVING AT ROHWER, ARKANSAS

UNDER THE CAPABLE HANDS OF THIS CRAFTSMAN, A FORMER CALIFORNIAN, NEW TO THE ART OF CARVING, AN AMERICAN EAGLE BEGINS TO EMERGE FROM THE TRUNK OF A HARDWOOD TREE.

CONCERNING FESTIVALS AND LAUGHTER

When they fixed up Bobby Kaneko for the first Labor Day parade at Tule Lake Relocation Center in September, 1942, it was not intentionally to advertise breakfast food for champions, but to make him be a four-petaled flower in Contrary Mary's garden—or possibly the lucky four-leaved clover.

The Japanese are, and for ages have been, a festival-loving people; their celebrations cover everything from religion to counting machines. "It has been said," writes Maud Rex Allen in *Japanese Art Motives*, "that under the old condition of society . . . there was a festival for every day in the year. This is easy to believe, for the Japanese were a pleasure-seeking, beauty-loving people. . . ."

One of the most charming of all festivals—of any nationality—which illustrates well the deep mutual love and respect between the young and the old, is a celebration in the province of Kishu in Japan, called "The Laughing Festival of Wasa." It commemorates the legend that once upon a time some local deity made quite a fool of himself in a very delightful fashion, and all the other gods roared with laughter at him.

So once a year in the village of Wasa, beginning in the morning, all the oldest men and all the children form a procession to the shrine, carrying oranges and persimmons. Throughout the procession everyone is duty-bound to remain utterly solemn. Then, when they reach the shrine, the grayest of the gray old men turns around and faces the little ones and at last says, "Now laugh." They never need be asked twice; their contagious laughter spreads to the grownups, and from morning till night the whole district reverberates with merriment and joy.



Francis Stewart

65. BOBBY KANEKO, AGED FOUR, ALL DRESSED UP FOR A PARADE
THE LABOR DAY PARADE AT TULE LAKE, CALIFORNIA, HAD A GREAT WEALTH OF
CAMP-MADE COSTUMES. BOBBY TOOK PART IN A TABLEAU; HE WAS ONE OF "MARY,
MARY, QUITE CONTRARY"'S FLOWERS.

When more than a hundred thousand people of Japanese ancestry found themselves suddenly transferred from their former homes and working places to a strange, bewildering, and barren environment, it was natural for some to turn to their favorite and traditional games for concentration and recreation. Of these games, "Go," the ancient indoor pastime of the Japanese, was high on the list.

"Go" is sometimes likened to checkers—inappropriately, however. It is considered a more difficult and complicated game to play expertly than either checkers or chess, the idea being to capture both men and territory. "Every educated man (in Japan) plays 'Go,'" says Captain Brinkley, "but very few develop sufficient skill to be classed in one of the nine grades of experts, and not once in a century does a player succeed in obtaining the diploma of the ninth, or highest grade."

The game is ancient, having been introduced into Japan from China. Some of the old tables were extremely elaborate. One treasured eighth century "Go" table (*goban*) in a museum collection is made of rosetta wood, and intricately inlaid with bird and animal designs of delicately engraved tortoise shell and ivory, the ivory dyed with brilliant colors. When one player's drawer for the "Go" disk, or stones, as they are called, was pulled out, the opponent's drawer on the other side of the table automatically opened. All the lines on the top surface were of ivory, inlaid transversely, and flower patterns of various kinds of wood were inwrought at the intersecting points.

The "Go" game equipment in the Relocation Camps were not elaborate, but the playing of the game was intense and universal. Almost everyone played it at first—before other ways were developed to employ time—"and the children learned too," reported Miné Okubo in her day-by-day story of the camp life at Topaz, and it was not long until some of them were beating their grandparents.



Tom Parker

66. PLAYING THE JAPANESE GAME "GO" AT HEART MOUNTAIN, WYOMING

CONSIDERED MORE DIFFICULT THAN CHESS, THIS NATIONAL INDOOR GAME OF JAPAN (INTRODUCED THERE FROM CHINA ABOUT TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO), WAS A GREAT FAVORITE AT THE CAMPS, ESPECIALLY WITH THE ISSEL.

LINEUPS AT MIDNIGHT

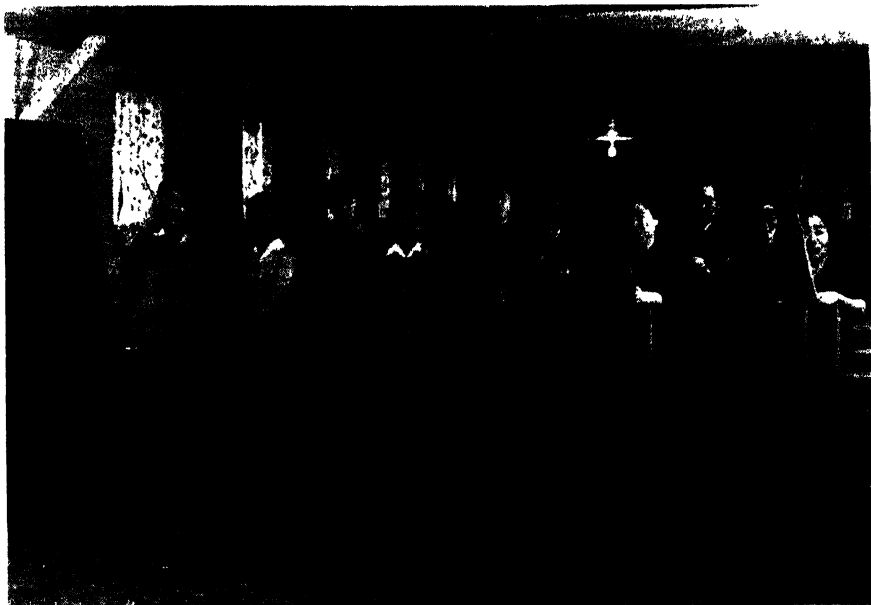
In Tule Lake there never seemed to be enough time, space or material to go around for all who wished to study the art of flower arranging (*ikebana*). The class in the photograph was one which overflowed into the meeting house of the local Buddhist church, where, in the absence of tables, benches were placed one above the other to give proper height for the students as they worked. The flower containers were handmade of wood and lined with tomato cans. The inscriptions on these benches notify that they are the "property of the Buddhist Church."

The eagerness of the Japanese to learn will never be forgotten by those who taught and observed them at Tule Lake. When a notice would appear on a bulletin board that a new class—in almost any subject—was to be formed and that registration would begin, for instance, at nine on Monday morning, a lineup would begin forming Sunday at midnight, and by day-break the quota would be filled.

At Tule Lake, for a long time, the residents were not allowed to go outside the camp to gather plants and flowers. Since it was the center to which difficult characters were sent—persons who came in conflict with the War Relocation Authority—all the inhabitants suffered from the unusual restrictions and military surveillance that prevailed from the beginning; the enclosures of barbed wire remained a feature of this camp to the end.

But permission was given for four "Procurement Clerks" to go every day about a mile outside camp and collect material. In the summer season they gathered cattails, wild plums, tule grasses, willows, and sagebrush, but during the winter season they had only willows to use. Finally, after about two and a half years of cutting, the willow supply was exhausted.

Mrs. Eto, who supervised the camp's art program reports from here: "For a while we thought that we would have to disband the classes, but our problems were solved when Mr. Eugene Dimon came . . . as our Community Activity Supervisor. He arranged . . . so that we were able to go out to the Modoc Forest about 20 miles away. We were able to gather many kinds of greens, such as cedars, mahogany, pines, and sagebrush."



Robert H. Ross

67. FLOWER ARRANGEMENT CLASS IN TULE LAKE, CALIFORNIA

AT TULE LAKE, THERE WAS NEVER ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL WHO WISHED TO STUDY
FLOWER ARRANGEMENT (*ikebana*); THIS CLASS IS BEING HELD IN A
BUDDHIST CHURCH.

SYMBOLS OF COMMUNICATION

In a tar-paper-covered barrack at Topaz, Utah, during most of the relocation period, was housed the most extensive collection of Japanese language books and literature to be found in any Relocation Center.

The collection got its start when the librarian asked the residents if they would make an inventory of their Japanese language books to see what they might lend or give for the use of the residents of the camp. The response was generous; some were able to supplement their gifts by sending back to their homes and storehouses for more; finally, purchases were made outside, and the ten thousand evacuees at Topaz found that because of the industry of their librarian and their own generous co-operation, they had assembled the most important library of Japanese literature in any camp.

Over the entrance door was hung the beautiful sign photographed on the opposite page, which had been shaped and carved by Japanese craftsmen from a native cedar limb. The inscription reads: TOPAZ JAPANESE LIBRARY. The sign is now in the East Asiatic Library at Columbia University in New York City.

The attractive mailboxes, constructed from scrap materials found about the camp, were made by residents at Heart Mountain, Wyoming. Hundreds of such boxes, as well as name plates (see page 27) were made everywhere to relieve the barrenness of the tar-paper barracks fronts.

The box in the lower left-hand corner is a Japanese "mite box," into which contributions were dropped for current community causes.



68. SIGN FROM CEDAR LIMB; LETTER BOXES FROM SCRAP WOOD

THE MOST EXTENSIVE LIBRARY OF JAPANESE LITERATURE IN ANY WAR RELOCATION CAMP WAS AT TOPAZ, UTAH; THIS DISTINGUISHED FOUR-FOOT HAND-CARVED SIGN FROM A CEDAR LIMB WAS HUNG ABOVE THE ENTRANCE DOOR.

John D. Schiff

SHORT PIECES OF WASTE WOOD WERE USED BY SCORES OF HEART MOUNTAIN RESIDENTS TO MAKE MAILBOXES.

H. Sturm

ORDER AND BEAUTY

When Mr. Imafugi, a member of the American Legion who served with the American Expeditionary Forces during World War I, found himself detained at Heart Mountain Relocation Center because of his Japanese ancestry, he set about to make his small barracks cubicle reflect pleasant memories of his childhood days in Japan.

He covered the rough walls and two-by-four framework of his room with composition board, and from odds and ends of lumber which he was able to find in camp, he made all the furniture and most of the furnishings, including the lantern and the charcoal box for the teakettle.

If it were possible to fill every page of this book with pictures of the barracks homes of our people of Japanese ancestry and their family and neighbor relationships, it would be the best single way of interpreting their minds, their potentialities, and their spirit to those who have not known them. Lacking this privilege, the few glimpses of their home places which are shown here must serve as symbols for all.



Tom Parker

69. A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN LEGION AT HEART MOUNTAIN

MR. IMAFUGI, WHO SERVED WITH THE AEF DURING WORLD WAR I, BEGAN, IMMEDIATELY UPON ARRIVAL AT HEART MOUNTAIN WAR RELOCATION CENTER, TO CREATE A BARRACKS LIVING ROOM OF TRADITIONAL CHARM, MAKING PRACTICALLY EVERY ITEM OF FURNITURE AND FURNISHINGS FROM SUCH MATERIALS AS HE COULD FIND IN THE CAMP.

NOT TOO PRIVATE

The drawing on the opposite page was made by Miné Okubo, a resident of the War Relocation Camp at Topaz, Utah, from its opening until her relocation in 1945. It was made for *Trek*, a magazine published by a group of Nisei for the Projects Reports Division at Topaz. Miss Okubo was art editor of the publication; this drawing of hers pictures the not-too-private life of the bathhouse. Every block had its own dining hall, laundry, showers, and toilets.

Familiar sights around these block units would be bathrobed figures scurrying back and forth in wooden *geta* to keep feet high and dry. Bordering the laundry shower units would be the comparatively lush gardens of the communities (such as the one on pages 93 and 95), which could easily be reached by rubber hose attached to the water system, and where upkeep of fountains, fish pools, and the like would not be too difficult.

Miss Okubo made many very complete documentary, and wonderfully humorous, drawings of life, first in one of the preliminary assembly centers—Tanforan Race Track—then at Topaz, several of these she used to illustrate her book, *Citizen 13660*, the number given her by the government, which she retained until her relocation.

It is a remarkably clear and keen account of her personal experience and observation of what happened to the people in her camp. The book is an excellent running history, written and pictured with delightful frankness—altogether a rare chapter in the literature on evacuation and resettlement.



70. A COMMUNITY LAUNDRY AND BATHHOUSE

THIS DRAWING IS BY MINÉ OKUBO, WHOSE BOOK, *Citizen 13660*, GIVES A VIVID AND ENTERTAINING ACCOUNT OF LIFE AND WORK IN THE WAR RELOCATION CAMP AT TOPAZ.

AUTUMN MOOD

*How many a thing which we cast to the ground,
When others pick it up becomes a gem!*

—GEORGE MEREDITH

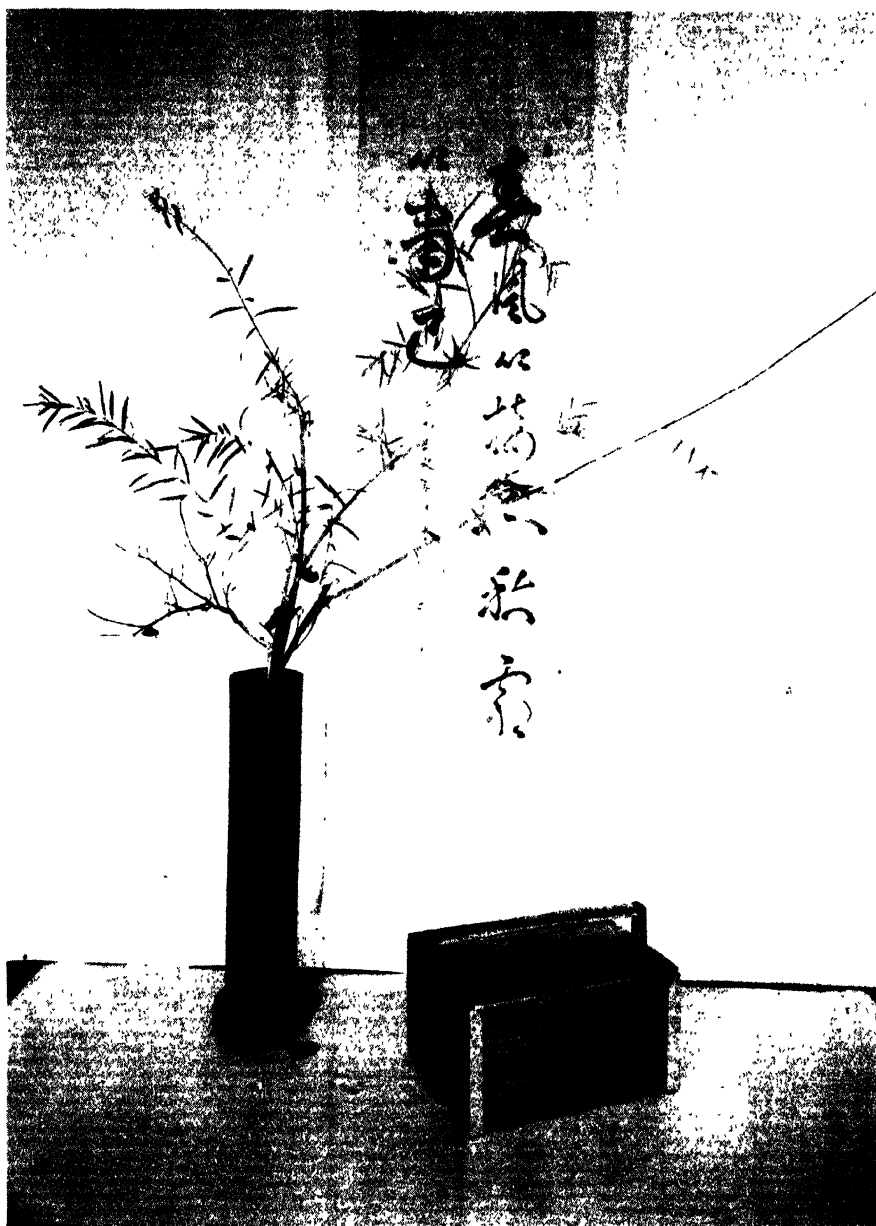
This attractive arrangement of things Japanese came about in response to the writer's request that something characteristic of the arts at Heart Mountain Camp be set up for the photographer to record after he had completed certain routine assignments.

This composition exemplifies that rare ability of the Japanese to make something beautiful out of almost nothing. A nicked draintile, a willow branch, a picnic box, a poem written on the blank side of a strip of wallpaper—these are the simple ingredients.

The brick-red tile (flower vase) has the nicked side turned to the wall, the willow branch is trimmed and arranged according to accepted standards, with the fallen leaf on the ground to suggest autumn. Affording contrast in form and material is the lunch box, made up of scraps of wood in graduated shades, carefully joined, smoothed, and finished.

The short poem written by hand on the blank side of a roll of wallpaper, is believed to have been composed by someone in the camp. Roughly translated it admonished the reader to treat others with the gentleness of a zephyr, but oneself with the severity of an autumn frost.

It is not probable that the willow, the picnic box, and the poem were combined with any subtle allusion to Japan's "oldest organized form of amusement . . . the Kagaki, or poetical picnic" in mind, but it did remind one of an ancient tradition referred to by Captain Brinkley in his *History of Japan*—"Parties of men and women met at appointed places, and composed couplets, delivering them with accompaniment of music or dancing."



H. Sturm

71. "AUTUMN MOOD" COMPOSITION, HEART MOUNTAIN, WYOMING
 INFORMAL FLOWER ARRANGEMENT IN A BROKEN DRAINTILE (THE BROKEN PART
 TURNED TO THE WALL), A HANDMADE LUNCH BOX, AND A POEM.

DOCUMENTARY

Mr. Sugimoto, who lived with his wife and daughter in the War Relocation Center at Rohwer, Arkansas, not only gave his full support to all the arts of the camp, assisting at the main exhibits held there, but as an individual painter, recorded with deep feeling, significant events in the life and culture of the community.

The situation pictured here, of a young mother whose man is at the fighting front was paralleled in every camp, associated with the same symbols that appear in the painting.

Another powerful work in Mr. Sugimoto's semidocumentary series is of a Japanese father and mother sitting in their barracks room spelling out the words in a telegram just received from the American government which officially notifies them that their son has just been killed in action.

The documentary records of life in the Relocation Camps, whether painted, drawn, or written, although direct and honest, and often powerful in their emotional content, were remarkably free from bitterness. Quite often a very serious work would be mixed with humor. This spirit was reflected in an editorial by Jim Yamada in the final issue of *Trek*, a special publication of the Projects Reports Division at Topaz, Utah:

Now that our return to normal life is imminent, we find that the impressions of evacuation most sharply etched in our mind are not the kind we thought we would remember six months ago. The last few months have smoothed over a lot of the sharp edges of our original anger and bitterness, and now we see more of the light as well as the shadows.

One of our brightest memories of Tantorán [one of the preliminary assembly centers] is the Issei, who couldn't look at "Terry and the Pirates" without taking issue with the artist. We can see him now, advancing on his friends with a specimen of the comic strip in his hand. "Look, look," he would say, "what's wrong with this fellow, always drawing Japanese with buck teeth?" Then he would smirk triumphantly and flash a pair of incisors which, for luminosity and surface area, would be hard to equal.



John D. Schiff

72. LIFE AS SEEN BY A PAINTER AT ROHWER, ARKANSAS

HENRY SUGIMOTO FILLED HIS CANVASES AND HIS SKETCHBOOKS WITH HONEST DETAILED RECORDS OF CAMP LIFE AS HE OBSERVED IT AND FELT IT. THIS PAINTING OF A YOUNG MOTHER WHOSE MAN WAS FIGHTING IN THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES WAS A SYMBOL OF WHAT WENT ON IN EVERY WAR RELOCATION CAMP.

MRS. HIRAHARA'S PUPILS

The pictures of these four women with their exhibits suggest the way in which the arts at all the centers spread out among the residents. Most of the creations for the various exhibitions shown here were done by pupils, or by residents working on their own, many of them persons who had never before done anything in these arts and crafts.

The four flower arrangers who, with several other residents, displayed pieces for one of the final camp exhibitions, were pupils of Mrs. Hirahara of Rohwer Relocation Center, Arkansas. As was the custom everywhere, the flower arrangements were shown with examples of decorative handwriting in the background—these also were done in camp.

In this record, only the briefest mention can be made of those domestic arts which, among the women in every camp, outnumbered all others—that is, the making of clothes for family, friends, and neighbors.

Classes in sewing and tailoring were conducted in several camps, where great numbers of women learned to sew and design for the first time, and many moderately good needleworkers improved their workmanship, some of them acquiring professional skill.

But possibly the widest influence came through friends and neighbors who taught each other in their homes—not only sewing, but other needlecrafts, such as knitting and crocheting, two important arts widely practiced in all of the camps.



73. FOUR FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS, ROHWER

THESE FOUR WOMEN FROM A LARGE CLASS IN FLOWER ARRANGING ARE SHOWN WITH SAMPLES OF THEIR OWN WORK. THE CALLIGRAPHY PANELS AND OTHER WALL DECORATIONS WERE MADE TO SERVE AS BACKGROUNDS FOR THESE PIECES.

GREEN THUMB

Among the fine attractions in the flower shows of Rohwer, Arkansas, were the wonderful chrysanthemum plants grown by an experienced florist, Mr. Tsunekawa, who is shown here with a dwarf plant containing five hundred buds. He had them all in bloom a few days later in time for the camp flower show.

The Japanese gardener regards the chrysanthemum (*kiku*) as a toy for him to play with, and no other people in the world have performed such miracles with this plant. He has produced giant blossoms with petals over a foot in length, but he does not consider it an achievement merely to raise giants; to produce a great number of blossoms on one plant calls for much more skill. Also, he has been known to successfully graft several different kinds and colors on one plant. He has produced hundreds of varieties and hundreds of color shades, and the garden of a modest Japanese household may contain as many as five hundred varieties of chrysanthemums.

Evolved from the simple daisy, the chrysanthemum came to be the emblem of the Imperial Family, and the most important motif in Japanese decorative art. People become rhapsodic when referring to it, calling it such names as the "flower of disheveled symmetry," the "tousled monster," "shockheaded beauty," etc.

Some of the varieties have fascinating names (as told by Brinkley): the "jewel of the inner court," the "autumn amulet," the "ten-fingered, ten-eyed flower," the "sleep of the hoary tiger," the "moon-touched blossom," the "crystal palace," the "five-lake hoarfrost," the "three treasure petal," and so on.



Paul Favis

74. A CHRYSANTHEMUM PLANT AT ROHWER, ARKANSAS

ONE OF MR. TSUNEKAWA'S COLLECTION OF PLANTS, THIS DWARF DAISY CHRYSANTHEMUM WAS TWELVE MONTHS OLD WHEN THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN. TEN DAYS LATER IT WAS SHOWN AT A CAMP EXHIBITION, WITH FIVE HUNDRED BLOSSOMS.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS AND CALLIGRAPHY

Chrysanthemum-time at Manzanar was celebrated by an exhibition of these favorite flowers that would have done credit to a community many times its size. A section of the show of 1945 is illustrated here showing more than thirty varieties of chrysanthemums on one table; the stalls were so arranged that only a fraction of the show could be recorded on one plate of the camera.

On the walls are examples of fine calligraphy and decorative painting, and at the end of the long room is a mural decoration done by artists of the center.

The chrysanthemum with its "strange bitter outdoor tang" and its many forms was introduced into America just a century ago. But in Japan it has been the national flower for hundreds of years, and records reveal that it has been known to man in Eastern Asia for more than two thousand years. The people of Japan, more than of any other land, developed this ancient plant to the greatest variety of flower and leaf, and her artists and craftsmen have used it as a decorative motif in myriads of ways.

One of the most familiar art motifs is chrysanthemums floating in running water. It is a symbol of longevity, and the source of the legend, in the province of Kai, is a hill called Chrysanthemum Mount, which overhangs a clear, crystal-pure stream. Whoever drinks from this stream after the petals have begun to fall into it, is assured of a long, happy life.



Toyo Miyatake

75. CHRYSANTHEMUMS AND POEMS AT CAMP MANZANAR,
CALIFORNIA

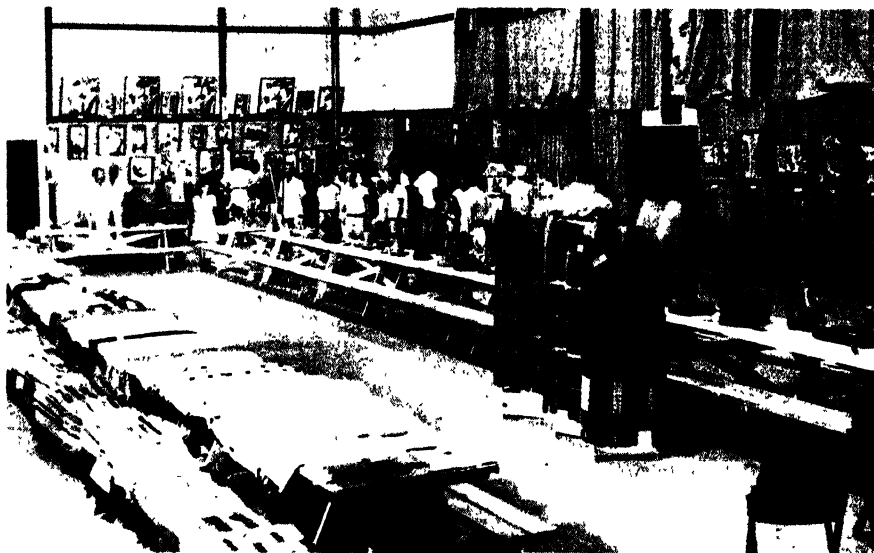
AT THIS AUTUMN CHRYSANTHEMUM EXHIBITION AT MANZANAR, THE FLOWERS
WERE COMBINED IN DELIGHTFUL PROPORTIONS WITH POEMS ON THE WALL,
EXECUTED IN GOOD CALLIGRAPHY.

FROM MANY HANDS

The residents of Rohwer, Arkansas, supported a strong and spirited program of the arts; these photographs of two of their exhibitions in the General Assembly Hall—the place in which most of them were held—suggest the nature and variety of the shows.

The upper photograph pictures one of the earlier exhibits at Rohwer, in which a great deal of weaving is shown; as stated elsewhere, this camp carried out the most successful program in weaving of any Relocation Center.

The lower photograph depicts what was probably the last exhibition to be held in any Relocation Center. The local committee arranged for the exhibition in order to help procure several of the photographs shown in this book. Here was featured another almost exclusive product of Rohwer—the highly esteemed *kobu*, no two of which are ever alike—the long table contains a careful selection of small pieces. In this picture can be seen the murals which, at an earlier date, the residents painted for their meeting hall. In the first photograph, the murals are concealed so as not to compete in color and pattern interest with the exhibition pieces.



Paul Farris

76. ROHWER GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL IN HOLIDAY STYLE

EXHIBITIONS OF THE ARTS WERE HELD IN EVERY WAR RELOCATION CENTER; HERE ARE TWO SHOWS AT ROHWER, ARKANSAS, ONE FEATURING WEAVING, IN WHICH THE WOMEN OF THIS CENTER EXCELLED, THE OTHER ROHWER'S FASCINATING SPECIALTY, THE *kobu*.

MOONLIGHT AND METEORITE

This water color, "Moonlight Over Topaz," was done by Chiura Obata, who has not only captured the mood of the lonely desert region in which this camp was located, but he has turned an unexpected flood of water to poetic advantage, giving added color and reflected light to his composition; the overflow which created the miniature lake was brought about by a prosaic break in a water main.

Mr. Obata was not only a teacher at Topaz, but he was largely responsible for the earlier art program in a preliminary assembly center. After relocation, he was reappointed to the faculty of the University of California, and returned to duties which had been interrupted by evacuation.

The scene shows the barbed-wire enclosure, one of the watch towers erected by the army, but later abandoned, because never needed, the entrance gate and the gatehouse where everybody and everything was officially checked in and out, and a suggestion of the evening-lighted tar-paper barracks where the residents were quartered. In the distance are shown the mountains where a large meteorite was discovered by two walking companions from the Topaz camp, the now famous "Drum Mountains Meteorite," the eighth largest ever found in the United States, and now in the collection of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. The government has published a bulletin on it by E. P. Henderson and S. H. Perry, from which the following facts are taken:

Yashio Nishimato and Akio Ujihara "temporarily stationed at the Topaz Relocation Center," while prospecting for rock suitable for their lapidary arts, about sixteen miles west of Topaz in the Drum Mountains, on September 24, 1944, came across a rock that seemed different and that, on being struck with a hammer, gave off a metallic ring.

The men thought they had found something extraordinary and sent a specimen of the rock to the Smithsonian. "The specimen was small and very much battered, but the description and sketch of the mass that accompanied it indicated clearly that a new and large meteorite had very likely been found." After thorough investigation the specimen was identified as a meteorite; it was moved from its resting place in the field to the Relocation Center, where it was displayed for several days prior to shipment to Washington, where it is now on permanent exhibition for the public.



John D. Schiff

77. A PAINTING, "MOONLIGHT OVER TOPAZ"

"YOU SHOULD SEE TOPAZ BY MOONLIGHT," SAID A JAPANESE RESIDENT TO A VISITOR WHO WAS NOT TOO FAVORABLY IMPRESSED BY TOPAZ IN THE DAYTIME. CHIURA OBATA, A RESIDENT TEACHER OF PAINTING, TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE LITTLE POND CAUSED BY A BROKEN WATER MAIN TO GIVE US THIS POETIC VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE UTAH CAMP.

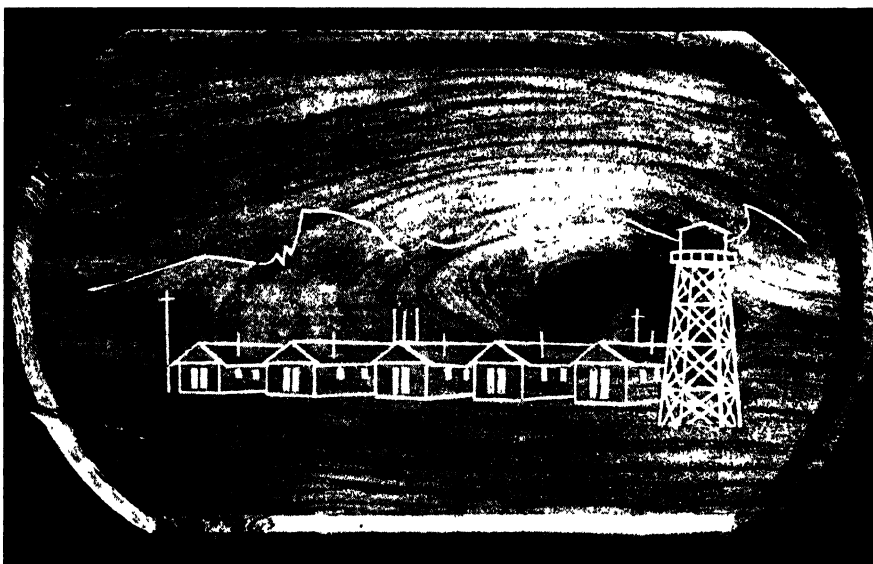
FROM THE WOODPILE

A favorite treatment of wood-relief carvings carried on in several of the camps is seen in the upper photograph opposite, where raised portions are washed in with color; such pieces make effective wall decorations. This particular panel is also interesting because it shows the bark areas remaining on the frame of the carving which proves that it was carved from one of the fuel-pile slabs mentioned frequently here as camp handicrafts material.

The example of intarsia work is from Poston, Arizona; it was designed by Kakumen Tsurioaka, an able painter who made many sketches of Poston Center and the surrounding country during the period of evacuation and resettlement. He also designed the famous Mohave Room in Poston, and painted the principal murals.

The light-colored wood used in the inlay is probably pine, though it could be maple or holly. The design was suggested by the barracks and water towers of Poston, and the mountains in the distance; the tray was carved and inlaid by Mr. Tanaka.

A suggestion of Japanese economy is seen in the selection of the plank from which the tray is made; the average American craftsman would certainly have discarded the plank, or at least cut it in size, because of the defect in the lower left-hand corner. But the Japanese carver reasoned that the defect did not lessen the utility of the tray, nor weaken its structure perceptibly; moreover, it seemed to him a very choice bit of grain and a kind of balance for the still more interesting knot that appears above the barracks.



78. A COLORED WOOD CARVING; A WOOD INLAY

THE CARVING IS FROM A WOOD PILE SLAB—THE EVIDENCE IS THE BARK VISIBLE ON TWO CORNERS.

M. Omata

THE TRAY, MADE FROM A DISCARDED PLANK, IS DECORATED BY AN INLAY, OR INTARSIA, OF LIGHT WOOD.

John D. Schiff

PRIMER FOR IKEBANA

This attractive arrangement of fruits and vegetables from Rohwer Relocation Center, was done by Mrs. S. Yakura, teacher of fruit and flower arrangement, who, at the time, had eighty pupils in her class.

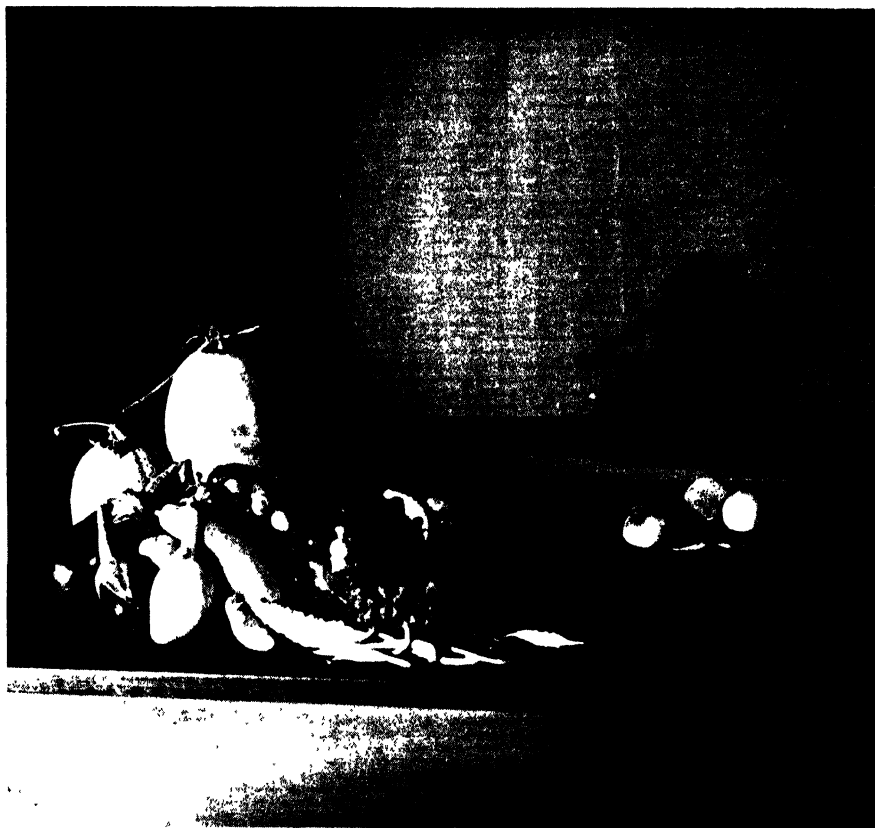
Everything in this composition except the grapes, was grown at Rohwer, and the design follows traditional principles governing the arrangement of these domestic products. The porcupine pickle, a salad vegetable, was grown by someone in the camp from seeds sent from Japan.

Arrangements of this kind were regarded with pleasure by visitors to the camps; the art has always been taken seriously in Japan. An idea of the dignity assigned these earth products is conveyed by Samuel Wainwright in his book, *Beauty in Japan*:

My sister took lessons [*ikebana*, or flower arranging] from a man who was considered one of the highest authorities on the subject. . . . She went to her first lesson with all the thrills of a new adventure, only to be given a flowering cabbage, two marigolds and some straggly cow-peas to arrange in a flat bowl; but her teacher, clad in the silk robes of Japan, studied each piece carefully, clipped off a few unnecessary lines, turned, twisted and arranged the flowers until the composition was complete. He made the cabbage unfold its snowy leaves in graceful curves, added the marigold for a touch of color, and with the trailing cow-peas softened and drew the whole together. It was a convincing demonstration of what can be accomplished by applying the rules of flower arrangement, using ordinary materials.

The growing of any kind of plants is an aesthetic experience for the Japanese—as it is with many an amateur gardener and dirt farmer in other lands. The beautiful arrangement of these vegetables on a small tray is a kind of symbolic index to the gardens, fields, vineyards, and orchards in which everything is raised on a grand scale. It has not been possible here to record the achievements of the residents of the camps in their victory gardens—of which there were thousands—and the agricultural activities connected with the camps, or the thrilling stories of how they left the camps temporarily to save the crops at some neighborhood or area. A director of one of the Relocation Camps said, “They often accomplish the impossible.”

Another director reported that when it got around that WRA would plant potatoes at Amache, Colorado, the farmers of the area came to warn them that potatoes never had been and could not possibly be grown in that area. But the Japanese farmers asked to be permitted to try; results: they raised in that camp alone in one harvest, eight carloads of potatoes, enough to supply all the Relocation Camps of the country.



Paul Faris

79. A ROHWER, ARKANSAS, FRUIT AND VEGETABLE ARRANGEMENT

STUDENTS OF FLOWER ARRANGEMENT STUDIED JUST AS CAREFULLY THE PRINCIPLES OF FRUIT AND VEGETABLE ARRANGEMENT. EVERYTHING IN THIS GROUP EXCEPT THE GRAPES WAS GROWN IN ROHWER. THE ARTIST WHO GROUPED THESE PRODUCTS ON A SELECTED BOARD HAD EIGHTY PUPILS IN HER CLASSES.

TREASURE OF THE DESERT

Rural people everywhere feel a quick interest in those nature forms which remind them of something quite remote from the thing itself. And so there are countless instances where mountains, rivers, and valleys have been given permanent names, because of some resemblance to animals, birds, fish, or what not.

Just so, country people have a sympathetic appreciation for small natural objects—plants, tree roots, plant skeletons—whose lines or shapes take on added interest, and sometimes enchantment, by suggesting other forms.

Such objects the Japanese discovered, picked up and cherished in every camp; but possibly Minidoka charmed up more of such forms than did any other center, because of the omnipresent sagebrush and greasewood. Or, it may have been because certain residents there felt an all-absorbing interest in these natural reminders. One man in Minidoka who had a fine collection refused to sell any of the pieces, preferring to use them as “going away” gifts for his friends.

Many barracks were decorated with these peculiar treasures of the desert, not only weird forms, but often beautiful ones. The piece opposite is a fine example, which was never changed from the original as found, except to strip off some bark and soft decayed wood, then polish it by hand to an enduring satiny luster.

The finder of this animated nature piece was particularly lucky because the crane—and it could hardly be imagined as anything else—is a Japanese symbol for long life and happiness. Its quality of aliveness is in keeping with a crane tradition related by George A. Audsley in his book, *Keramic Art of Japan*: “There is one rather remarkable fact in common with this crane, which is, that Japanese avoid representing it as dead. During many years’ study of their art works, we do not remember once having seen a reproduction of a dead crane.”



Jo Tanaka

80. WIND AND SAND CARVED CRANE, MINIDOKA, IDAHO

JAPANESE, ESPECIALLY THE RURAL PEOPLE, HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED BY NATURE FORMS, OF WHICH THE WESTERN DESERTS, WITH THEIR GNARLED SAGE-BRUSH AND GREASEWOOD, FURNISHED MANY EXAMPLES, BOTH GROTESQUE AND BEAUTIFUL.

JAPANESE MEDLEY

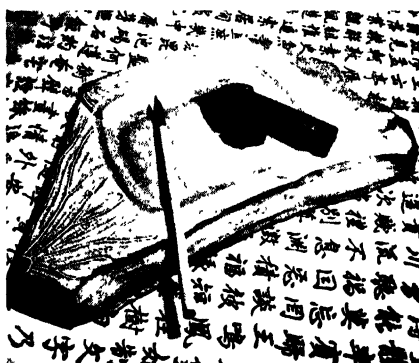
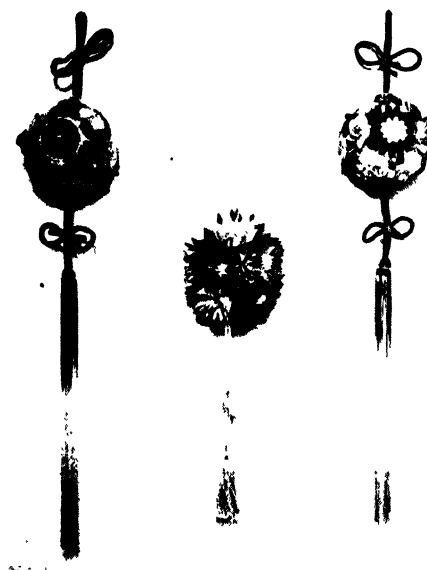
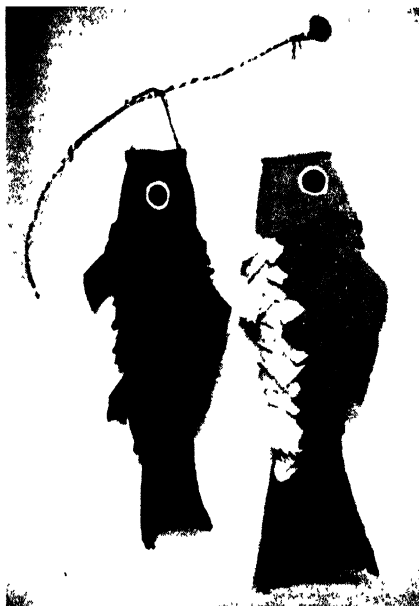
Boys' Day, on the "fifth of the fifth moon," May, "the month of the seedlings," was celebrated in all the camps. On this day, families blessed with boys hoisted brightly colored cloth or paper carp on long poles; the wind filled them out, making them seem to swim in the air like real fish. One fish would be displayed for each son—a large one for the oldest, smaller for the younger brothers according to age, and quite a tiny one for baby brother.

These colorful emblems are symbolic of courage, because the carp is considered by the Japanese the most fearless of all fish; it swims upstream, and is often depicted by their artists leaping up waterfalls.

Near Manzanar in California and Topaz in Utah, were abundant slate deposits, and as soon as these regions were opened up to the residents, the craftsmen among them began bringing home blocks of the material for shaping into utensils. Among the most popular and interesting of these utensils were the decorated inkstones which the community artists and calligraphers used for rubbing sticks of India ink into liquid form. The stone found at Manzanar was gray in contrast to the darker, often black colors of Topaz.

Painters and calligraphers brought with them what they could of their brush and ink supplies. But, as enthusiasm for the arts grew and spread beyond anyone's expectation, supplies dwindled, and at least one artist, known to the writer, confessed that he had resorted to robbing the family cat of fur to make some brushes—with "very good result."

The tasseled crepe paper and chenille decorations are about 6 inches in diameter. The flower forms of every color of the rainbow are carefully sewn onto muslin-covered balls, wadded with paper and cotton.



81. WOOD, PAPER AND STONE GIVEN TRADITIONAL TREATMENT

THE CARVED WOOD TOBACCO CONTAINER AND SLATE INKSTONE (*suzuri*) CAME FROM MANZANAR; THE PAPER FISH, FOR DISPLAY ON BOYS' DAY, ARE FROM HEART MOUNTAIN, AS ARE THE GAY PAPER AND CHENILLE BALLS, "TO HANG AS DECORATIONS TO BRIGHTEN DULL ROOMS."

"FOR THE PEOPLE HAD A MIND TO WORK"

It is difficult for one following these pictures to realize how bleak and barren these cities of tar-paper barracks were when the army moved the uprooted Japanese-Americans into them.

They began at once planting seeds, and, as soon as possible, transplanting shrubs and trees, sometimes walking miles to find them. They beautified their living quarters within and without, using scrap materials. Neighbors combined to improve the appearance and morale of their communities; block by block greenness and then flower brilliance emerged, harsh architectural outlines gradually softened; pools of water in the once arid earth reflected clouds and starry nights.

At Amache, Colorado, cottonwoods were transplanted from near-by lowlands; they caught on and grew quite rapidly. A block manager suggested buying Chinese elms from some nursery, and scores of willing residents chipped in fifty cents apiece; when his birthday came around he donated thirty more for his proud community. Trees at Amache were glorified—morning-glorified, one might say—for here they were set off by masses and banks of brilliant blue morning-glories.

Transplanted silver poplar trees grew well at Topaz. A pleasant feature here, as in other camps where the sun was strong, was that benches were placed at each end of the barracks so that children and older people could sun themselves in the morning and enjoy the shade in the afternoon. At Topaz, hundreds of fire bushes gave brilliance to the landscape.



82. 'SURPRISE APPROACH TO BARRACKS; GILA, ARIZONA

THE BARRACKS LIVING QUARTERS IN ALL THE CAMPS WERE UNVARYING IN DESIGN AND STRUCTURE—THE SAME LENGTH, THE SAME WIDTH, THE SAME HEIGHT, EACH ONE COVERED WITH TAR PAPER HELD DOWN BY SLATS. BUT GRADUALLY, HERE AND THERE, A SPECIAL STOOP OR DOOR WAS BUILT, A FOOT SCRAPER DEvised, A WINDOW FRAME COVERED WITH PAPER TO KEEP THE GLARING SUN OUT, A TREE BROUGHT FROM FAR AWAY AND TRANSPLANTED, STONES GATHERED AND ARRANGED, AND PICKETS MADE BY HAND TO ENCLOSE A GARDEN.

• TRANSPLANTATION

One of the disheartening experiences of the Relocation Camp was the closing, in 1944, of Jerome Center, and the consequent redistribution of the ten thousand residents. It was especially sad for those who had courageously and hopefully improved and made beautiful their barracks homes and their dooryards. Views of two typical gardens that had to be abandoned are shown on the succeeding page.

But not all growing plants had to be left behind. Those who moved to Rohwer Center, about fifteen miles from Jerome, were able to salvage more than the others. Mrs. S. Matsunaga, whose family was Rohwer-bound, dug up as many plants from their flower garden as she could successfully transfer to cans and boxes, and had them moved with their belongings to their next home. Most of the furniture on the wagon had been made in camp from materials at hand, for when the evacuees had arrived, more than two years before, the only furniture provided for them had been steel cot-beds.



Charles E. Mace

83. LEAVING JEROME, ARKANSAS, FOR ROHWER CENTER

IN THE SUMMER OF 1944, JEROME WAS CLOSED, AND ITS INHABITANTS SENT TO OTHER CAMPS. THE TRUCK CARRIES THE FURNITURE, ALL MADE IN CAMP BY THE RESIDENTS, AND ONE OF THE WOMEN IS SAVING WHAT SHE CAN OF HER FLOWER GARDEN TO TRANSPLANT WHEN THEY START OVER AGAIN IN ROHWER.

**"YOU CAN'T FORGET A GARDEN
WHEN YOU HAVE PLANTED SEED—"**

In the summer of 1944, the Jerome, Arkansas, Center was closed, and its residents transferred to other camps. For some of the homemakers of Jerome this was a sad move, because many families had taken great pains, sometimes at considerable expense, to make their living quarters more attractive and to develop fine gardens.

The two photographs shown will suggest something of the quality and character of the gardens which were left behind, soon to be withered by the hot Arkansas sun and winds, and in the absence of human care, to sink back into the earth.

Samuel Wainwright, understanding their feeling toward gardens, wrote in *Beauty in Japan*:

No matter how small the allotted space for a garden, the Japanese, when he builds a home, considers it a necessity rather than a luxury. This is recognized to such a degree that it is customary to estimate the cost of a garden when the plans for the dwelling are drawn. . . . The planning, construction, and care . . . reveals . . . *their national characteristic of making the most of what they have.*



Charles E. Mace

84. LAST DAYS OF JEROME—SUMMER, 1944

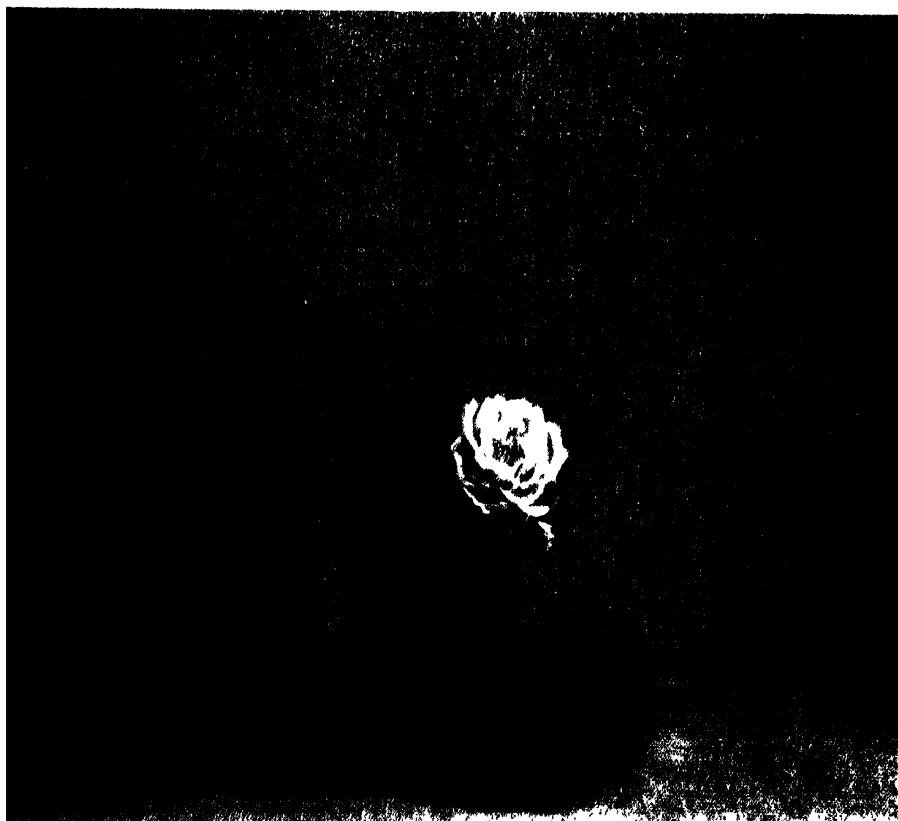
THE RESIDENTS HERE WERE TRANSPORTED TO OTHER CAMPS WHEN JEROME WAS CLOSED. THEIR GREATEST REGRET WAS LEAVING THEIR GARDENS TO THE WITHERING ARKANSAS SUN. BELOW IS BACHELORS' ROW, WHERE THE ALL-MALE RESIDENTS, BESIDES RAISING BEAUTIFUL GARDENS, HAD ALSO MADE EXTENSIVE ARCHITECTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.

PART II

A Look Back: A Look Forward

*Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.*

John Milton : COMUS · Lines 591-92



John D. Schiff

A HANDMADE ROSE

WHEN THE CRAFTSMAN OF ROHWER RELOCATION CAMP WHO MADE THIS RED ELM FLOWER CONTAINER PASSED THROUGH NEW YORK ON HIS WAY TO KOREA, HE WISHED TO HAVE HIS HANDIWORK PHOTOGRAPHED, BUT HE COULD NOT FIND SUITABLE FLOWERS. MRS. NINOMIYA, WHOSE CHARMING *bon-kei* ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 17, MADE THIS ARTIFICIAL ROSE AND ARRANGED IT FOR HIM.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS WERE MADE IN EVERY CAMP, ESPECIALLY WHERE, IN THE BEGINNING, RESIDENTS WERE NOT ALLOWED TO GO OUTSIDE BARBED-WIRE ENCLOSURES FOR PLANTS AND FLOWERS. THE FLOWER-LOVING JAPANESE FELT THEY MUST PROVIDE SUBSTITUTES, SO SCORES OF AMATEURS GLADLY BEGAN A NEW OCCUPATION.

EVEN AFTER THE JAPANESE WITH THEIR GREEN THUMBS HAD LIVING FLOWERS GROWING IN PROFUSION ALL AROUND THEM, THOSE WHO BY THIS TIME HAD DEVELOPED SYNTHETIC GREEN THUMBS CONTINUED TO CREATE THEIR SPECIALTIES—FOR EXHIBITIONS, FOR DECORATIONS IN THE BARRACKS, OR FOR GIFTS—SO PERFECT IN FORM AND COLOR THAT ONLY THE CLOSEST EXAMINATION COULD DETECT THEM FROM THE REAL.

A LOOK BACK: A LOOK FORWARD

THESE fragments of the arts of the Japanese in our War Relocation Camps are more than the handmade objects of a small, and at the time, comparatively unknown group in our population; they are symbols of an event without parallel in American history.

This event as stated elsewhere, was the rounding up and the uprooting from their homes and working places of over one hundred thousand persons of Japanese ancestry, seventy thousand of them American-born citizens; taking them first to fifteen temporary assembly centers and later to ten Relocation Camps, to remain in detention until their resettlement. It was at these camps that most of these arts were created, although some of the pioneers began in the assembly centers turning to the arts to help them face the uncertain, disheartening, and confusing life before them.

The ten camps, which became sizable cities, were given the name of "Relocation Centers" because, as announced by President Roosevelt in the beginning, it was the intention of the government to relocate the evacuees as soon as conditions would permit. During the early stages of this unprecedented mass exodus, the air was pretty well filled with the blare of brass.

On March 2, 1942, Public Proclamation No. 1 was issued by Lieutenant General John L. De Witt, Commander of the Western Defense Command—all persons of Japanese descent, aliens and citizens alike, would eventually be removed from the western areas of Washington, Oregon and California.

For some, "eventually" meant right away; twenty days later the first large contingent arrived at an inland reception center from Los Angeles. By August 7, the clean-up was complete; Western Defense Command announced that 110,000 people had been removed.

In the meantime, Army engineers were feverishly constructing ten barracks cities in isolated areas between the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the lower Mississippi Valley. Because the Army was "deeply dis-

trustful" of the evacuees, and insisted that they be located "at a safe distance" from military installations, power lines, and reservoirs, the choice of locations was quite limited; therefore most of the centers were situated in areas of desolation.

Only two of these were ready for occupancy when evacuation began, so the great majority of evacuees were moved into temporary accommodations, mostly race tracks and fair grounds.

"The movement from assembly to relocation centers," says a War Relocation Authority report, "was definitely not one of the brighter chapters in the wartime history. . . . At several of the relocation centers . . . evacuees arrived before enough barracks had been finished to accommodate them, before stoves had been delivered for community kitchens, and before electric lights, running water, or sanitary facilities had been completely installed. . . . Some of them [lived] for weeks in overcrowded communities where meals were . . . cooked out of doors over open pits, where candles and kerosene lamps were frequently pressed into service in the highly inflammable barracks, where baths were an almost unknown luxury, and where sewage facilities were either primitive or lacking. . . . These conditions . . . hit the evacuees at a highly impressionable period."

Manzanar, in California, was the first center to open; the date was March 22, 1942. Tule Lake, also in California, was the last one to close—March 20, 1946, just four years minus two days later. In Arizona, there were two centers, occupying unused sections of Indian reservations—Gila River and Poston. Poston was the largest of all the centers, with a population of twenty thousand; Granada, near Amache, Colorado, was the smallest, with about eight thousand persons. Minidoka was in south-central Idaho, Heart Mountain in northwestern Wyoming, and Topaz in central Utah. The remaining two were fifteen miles apart in faraway Arkansas—Jerome and Rohwer. Jerome was closed during the summer of 1944, and its occupants distributed among the other camps. For location and population of camps, see end papers.

This evacuation, regardless of its military justification, was not only, as is now generally acknowledged, a great wartime mistake, but it was the most complete betrayal, in one act, of civil liberties and democratic traditions in our history, and a clear violation of the constitutional rights of seventy thousand citizens.

The Fourteenth Amendment to our Constitution reads, in part, as follows:

No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of Law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

No state *did* make or enforce any law which deprived its citizens of their constitutional rights; but the Pacific coast states exerted sufficient pressure upon our national government in 1942 to annul the Fourteenth Amendment. Two words, "military necessity," uttered by the Western Defense Command, paralyzed the thinking apparatus of men in high and low places alike, and made way for Executive Order 9066 and Public Law 503, which backed it up.

Almost two years later—December 18, 1944—the Supreme Court, with three members dissenting, ruled that because the order for evacuation had been "legitimate exercise of war powers conferred upon the President and Congress by the Constitution," it was legal. In his dissenting opinion, Mr. Justice Jackson wrote that the Court's validation was "like a loaded weapon ready for the hand of any authority that can bring forward a plausible claim of an urgent need," and Mr. Justice Murphy that it amounted to a "legalization of racism." Even Mr. Justice Frankfurter, who concurred in the opinion, said, "To find that the Constitution does not forbid the military measure now complained of does not carry with it approval of that which Congress and the Executive did."

Evacuation was not only a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, but it was a complete break with our most cherished national traditions:

It was the *first time* that our government had ever put a part of its population behind barbed wire.

It was the *first time* that our nation had ever condemned individuals for the supposed disloyalty of a group.

It was the *first time* in which any citizen had ever been condemned without a trial, or a hearing, upon preferred charges.

It was the *first time* in which the freedom or imprisonment of a citizen was determined by the race from which he was descended.

It was the first time in American history, I guess, that they asked

you who your grandfather was and if you gave the wrong answer they did things to you different from what they did to other people. When you thought about it too long or too hard, it made you feel just a little sick inside. . . . [From a letter written by one of those interned.]

What was the nature of this evacuation?

John Gunther says, in his book, *Inside U.S.A.*:

This was purely a west coast phenomenon. Most Japanese-Americans elsewhere in the country were not molested. . . . To many, the forcible evacuation of the frugal, industrious and, in general, quite patriotic Nisei, seemed an outrage. The ancient principle that a citizen has individual rights and should not be punishable by group indictment, was clearly violated; a distinguished professor of law at Yale University, pointing out that "one hundred thousand persons were sent to concentration camps on a record which wouldn't support a conviction for stealing a dog, called the episode our worst wartime mistake, a threat to society, a violation of law that denied every value of democracy."

"Purely a west coast phenomenon . . ."

There was no general clamor for evacuation immediately after Pearl Harbor. The attitude toward the Japanese-Americans, as recorded in Congress and in the press, was warm, friendly, and confident of their loyalty. Neither the War Department nor the Department of Justice was considering plans for evacuation. As for the people, many of them remembered what happened to some of their German-American neighbors during the first World War.

But out on the coast—in California, especially—certain forces were being galvanized into action. Old prejudice and pressure groups, whose chief business over the years had been to discredit and stigmatize the Japanese in this country, now saw the incomparable opportunity to achieve their life ambition—to get these people out and *keep* them out. To do this now was decidedly the feeling of all the organizations that had lined up against the Japanese. One of the oldest and strongest anti-Japanese pressure groups, the Joint Immigration Committee, announced at the first wartime meeting, "The Committee has received more active and general support in the last month than . . . in the last 30 years of its existence, and what we want, we ought to get now."

The financial support of the move for evacuation, both in urban and rural communities, came largely from individuals and groups in economic competition with the Japanese.



Tom Parker

85. REGISTERING FOR DEFENSE EMPLOYMENT AT AMACHE, COLORADO

IN 1943 EVACUEES WERE GIVEN AN OPPORTUNITY TO REGISTER FOR DEFENSE EMPLOYMENT. MRS. T. SASABUCHI, NISEI RESIDENT OF GRANADA, BRINGS HER SON, DENNIS, TO HEADQUARTERS WITH HER, AND, AS SO MANY OTHER JAPANESE DID, REGISTERS FOR SERVICE. MISS JUDY YASAKI OF THE CENTER EDUCATION DEPARTMENT IS THE INTERVIEWER.

The pressure groups noisily upbraided the Department of Agriculture when it intimated that the Japanese genius in food production would be a vital wartime asset. "Much of what they raise are luxury products, anyway!" was one of the arguments advanced. It happened that 90 per cent of the West Coast strawberries were raised by Japanese who occupied only 2 per cent of all the West Coast farmland. They also harvested several diversified crops of vegetables every year, and through industry, intelligence and persistence, raised the estimated value of their once valueless farmland to \$279.98 an acre as compared with the \$57.94 West Coast average. White men were anxious to move in on this rich property, and eventually did.

It took several weeks after Pearl Harbor for the pressure groups to turn the tide; step by step they applied their strategy, collecting, as they went along, kindred allies in political, military, newspaper and radio fields. The grim story of how they finally succeeded, through Western Defense Command's magic words, "military necessity," in steering the Federal agencies in the desired direction, is completely and convincingly told by Morton Grodzins in his clear and scholarly book, *Americans Betrayed*, the definitive work on the whole subject of evacuation. Mr. Grodzins makes it clear that the Japanese-Americans were not the only Americans betrayed.

The government order for evacuation, "unintentionally, but none the less effectively," seemed to put the official seal of approval on the vicious propaganda coming out of the West. Now, more and more people everywhere began to wonder, and to think as a motion picture representative did, who told a WRA staff member, "There must be something seriously wrong with those people, or the Army wouldn't have 'em all under wraps. That's all I need to know."

Many of the seventy thousand Nisei—the generation born on American soil—firmly believed to the very end that their good record as citizens would protect them. Their principal organ and mouthpiece, the J.A.C.L. (Japanese American Citizens League) issued a widely quoted statement:

If, in the judgment of military and Federal authorities, evacuation of Japanese residents from the west coast is a primary step toward insuring the safety of this nation, we will have no hesitation in complying with the necessities implicit in that judgment. But [and this was not widely quoted in the press], if, on the other hand, such evacuation is primarily a measure whose surface urgency cloaks the desires of



John D. Schiff

SEMPRECIIOUS STONES FROM UTAH MOUNTAINS

TOPAZ RELOCATION CENTER WAS WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE OF MOUNTAIN RANGES RICH IN SEMPRECIIOUS STONES, WHICH THOSE WHO WORKED IN THE LAPIDARY SHOP GATHERED, CUT, POLISHED, AND OFTEN MOUNTED. OBJECTS MOST COMMONLY MADE WERE BOOK ENDS, PINS, RINGS, AND PENDANTS—PENDANTS ESPECIALLY. STONES INCLUDED AGATE, OBSIDIAN, FLUORITE, JASPER, CALCITE, AND TOPAZ.

A LOOK BACK: A LOOK FORWARD

political or other pressure groups who want us to leave merely from motives of self-interest, we feel we have every right to protest and to demand equitable judgment on our merits as American citizens.

But, for the time being, the hate groups won out, and the Japanese marched into the barbed-wire encampments.

Two and a half years later—in August, 1944—F.B.I. Director, J. Edgar Hoover, paid them a fine tribute. He said they had “hardly a black mark” against them; he also said that the “dollar patriots,” “misery chiselers,” and “horseplay pranksters,” had proved much more of a problem than Japanese, German and other Axis nationalities and war prisoners.

Evacuation, if it should come, was to have been the responsibility of the Department of Justice, and it expected to retain this jurisdiction; but when the Department counseled against evacuation and gave as one of the reasons that it did not have sufficient personnel to carry it out as proposed by Western Defense Command, the Army surprised everyone by insisting upon taking it over themselves.

The War Department therefore took the dispossessed migrants to the War Relocation Centers, but left them there in the custody of a newly created civilian agency, the War Relocation Authority.

The agency's avowed program was relocation, or resettlement, of the evacuees, therefore self-liquidation—as Dillon Myer announced when he took over directorship, his goal was to “work himself out of a job.”

An excerpt from one of the official WRA reports gives the following illuminating picture of the personnel:

The Authority was fortunate in having such a stimulating and challenging task to do that it consistently attracted a sincere, hard-working, public-spirited, job-devoted, and frequently imaginative kind of personnel. Without people of this type . . . the agency would never have been able to accomplish its objectives in the allotted time with so little ultimate cost in human degradation.

They needed to be sensitive enough to understand the state of mind of the evacuees, some of whom were too bitter and angry at first to realize that WRA was a friendly agency, designed to help them; and thick-skinned enough to stand up under constant heckling, maligning, and bludgeoning from the outside.

Certain newspapers assigned columnists to stir the American public to the highest possible degree of indignation against the Japanese in the centers, and several radio commentators dedicated their careers to the same purpose for the duration. The clamor increased when it dawned on the West Coast pressure groups that the WRA did not share their attitude toward the evacuees and they were enraged when they learned they intended to release and resettle them instead of keeping them imprisoned.

There were ugly, sensational headlines regarding some camp disturbances. The evacuees were blamed for almost every conceivable wartime shortage; WRA was accused of overfeeding and pampering them. Committees and subcommittees swooped down without warning for noisy investigations; J. Parnell Thomas, of New Jersey, set the stage for the Dies Committee investigation of 1943. A typical character of this group claimed that every evacuee in the WRA camps was given five gallons of whisky a month. This investigation, after Mr. Myer's vigorous defense, was allowed to gradually peter out, and WRA continued with its work of trying to make life behind barbed wire as decent and tolerable as possible, and to recognize and honor everyone as an individual.

Their work was completed in the allotted time, and this editorial from the *Washington Post*, for March 28, 1946, entitled "Job Well Done" reflected the attitude of many of the nation's newspapers:

The most distasteful of all war jobs, the detention upon mere suspicion and without trial of approximately 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry, $\frac{3}{4}$ of them citizens of the U.S., has now been liquidated. It was a job made necessary through the decision early in 1942, of General John De Witt, to exclude all Japanese Americans from the Western Defense Command. Once the exclusion error was committed, guardianship of the uprooted Japanese Americans became a Federal responsibility. They had to be kept in detention centers until they could be relocated in parts of the country other than the West Coast. The burden of discharging this unhappy obligation was given to an emergency agency, the War Relocation Authority, headed at first by Milton Eisenhower, later and through most of its existence by Dillon Myer. It performed its task with humanity, with efficiency and with a conscientious sense of trusteeship toward the evacuees which made some amends for the terrible hardship inflicted upon them. All the men associated in the undertaking, and in particular Mr. Myer, who fought valiantly and pertinaciously against prejudice for the rights of these



Tom Parker

86. A SERIOUS MOMENT FOR A TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD JAPANESE-AMERICAN

AFTER REPEATED REQUESTS FROM JAPANESE-AMERICANS TO BE ALLOWED TO SERVE THEIR COUNTRY IN WORLD WAR II, WHICH HAD KEPT ALL WEST-COASTAL-STATE PERSONS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY IN DETENTION CAMPS, THE OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE THEIR LOYALTY WAS FINALLY EXTENDED TO THEM.

MISUMA YOKOHARI, A RESIDENT OF GRANADA CENTER, HAS JUST SIGNED VOLUNTARY ENLISTMENT PAPERS WHICH PUTS HIM INTO A SPECIAL COMBAT UNIT OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY. THE ENLISTING SOLDIER IS SERGEANT ROBERT I. BISCHOFF.

BEAUTY BEHIND BARBED WIRE

unfortunates in his charge, can take pride in a difficult job exceedingly well done.

Bewildered, hurt, frustrated, we sold our properties. Sometimes for as little as a few cents on the dollar. Much was given away to friends, more was wheedled from us by folks we believed to be good neighbors, but the professional buyer with "cash on the barrel head" got the most of it. . . . [Excerpt from an editorial in the Heart Mountain *Sentinel*.]

The majority of those caught in the net were not psychologically prepared for the added shock of evacuation. Dejected and miserable, men, women and children crowded together in temporary racetrack quarters, watching the searchlights sweeping over the black compounds, wondering what was in store for them.

Meantime, procurers were frantically trying to obtain acutely needed materials for relocation camps. . . . "Just a moment," one War Production Board official said to the WRA man, after he had carefully explained his needs, "let me be sure I understand you. Are you asking for these priorities on this scarce material for the benefit of *Japs*?"

In time, however, all ten of the barracks cities were completed—as far as they could be completed—and the wanderers moved in. Accommodations were about the same at all the centers; mess halls, laundry, shower and sanitation facilities were public; living quarters were in tar-paper-covered barracks whose interiors were of 2 x 4' framework and rough wood. One electric light bulb dangled from the ceiling of each room; there were no tables, chairs or other furniture, except iron bedsteads. The Japanese are renowned for their ability to create order and beauty out of what is at hand, and that is what thousands of evacuees began doing right away.

Two years after evacuation, this encouraging note appeared in Miwako Oana's column, "Mo's Scratch Pad," in the Heart Mountain camp paper:

. . . [to those] who have never lived within a relocation center, let me say that it is not the end of everything. People are still capable of living and laughing and loving and dying. Cherished friendships are born; unexpected places reveal courage and fortitude,—and faith, to those who have it, shines on.

Residents discovered also, when they presented themselves for physical check-ups, that their health compared favorably with that of

people in normal communities, with one "noteworthy" exception, according to WRA statistics—" . . . the rather high incidence of peptic ulcers at practically all centers—a condition which was most frequently attributed to the extreme nervous tension . . . and the generally frustrated and unsettled states of their minds."

When these people, of their own volition, turned to the arts to help sustain them, they began writing a fine chapter in American history.

Each camp discovered and developed some creative specialty of its own. Heart Mountain produced beautiful embroideries; Tule Lake and Topaz made artistic use of shells, because they were situated near ancient lake beds; Gila, laboriously carved and polished ironwood and transplanted cactus; Minidoka utilized sagebrush; Arkansas residents were almost fanatic about *kobu*; a man in Topaz began dwarfing greasewood shrubs; Granada made miniature tray landscapes from desert sand; Manzanar, with its "Children's Village" of Japanese orphans, built a small park and stocked it with local birds and animals.

Then there were common denominators running through all of the camps—furniture, maybe full of knotholes, but good to sit on; calligraphy, for fine writing is a passion with the Japanese, and facilities were available in every center. There were dozens of flower-arranging classes. And poetry societies. And drama groups—one Christmas Eve, the Poston Issei performed outdoors and in Japanese, a Tolstoi play, "Where There Is Love, There God Is."

There were service flags in many barracks windows; the world now knows about the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, the famous "Go For Broke" Regiment, composed entirely of Nisei men. It was the most decorated unit of its size with 18,143 individual decorations and 7 Presidential citations. The regiment's major campaigns were in Italy and France and there were 9,486 casualties—314 per cent of its original strength.

In a wartime bulletin issued by the Department of the Interior is a letter written by a United States serviceman: "I can see what the Japanese-Americans in our armed forces are fighting and dying for. They are not only fighting for America but they are fighting for the right of their families to live side by side with the more fortunate races that have made our nation the great nation it is today. . . . I am not of Japanese blood but I would be proud to have a transfusion from one of those boys on the Italian front."

The service men came back: resettlement became a reality instead

BEAUTY BEHIND BARBED WIRE

of a dream; WRA dissolved; camp residents became "alumni." More than half of them returned to the coastal states; the others, proving the "ill wind" proverb, found places for themselves all over the country, among them the columnist, Miwako Oana, who wrote from New York: ". . . the color of my skin and the slant of my eyes do not close doors upon me. . . . Draftsmen are working as draftsmen, engineers as engineers, teachers as teachers. Fruit stands are no longer the ultimate end of every college graduate."

Summing up the spirit of those behind barbed wire, and their hopes and dreams for the future, is the following editorial, a worthy document for the Freedom Train. It was written by Roy Takeno, an evacuee at Manzanar, for the January 1, 1944 issue of the camp newspaper, the Manzanar *Free Press*.

A VICTORIOUS NEW YEAR TO YOU — AMERICA

Greetings to you for a Victorious New Year, people of America; from your kindred 50,000 citizens inside barbed wire fences. We send you greetings, we who have been lodged by circumstances of war inside these Relocation Centers in the deserts of the West.

In three months, we will have spent two years in these centers. We have had time to rationalize our own predicament. The tragic experiences of evacuation, the untold volume of business losses of the evacuees, the unwarranted hatreds engendered toward us by some people because of our hereditary kinship with the Asiatic foe—these we write off our ledger.

On the other side stands our gratitude to the American people for sanctioning the effort of this government to look after the welfare of our children, our aged and the sick. We realize that in other parts of the world millions of innocent people's lives have been sacrificed in evacuations and by failures of other governments to protect their war driven civilians. Here in War Relocation Centers we have found temporary refuge, we have taken stock of our stake in America and now we are preparing in a new spirit to re-establish ourselves.

In seeking to resettle and to re-establish ourselves in our respective trades, businesses and professions, we realize the un wisdom of trying to force ourselves upon a people who view us with suspicion. We only seek to join in the drive for Victory. We are prepared to shoulder our share of further sacrifices demanded of all her citizens by our country. We will not shirk. Indeed evacuees who already have left the Relocation Projects are contributing to our embattled nation's war effort through their initiative, their resourcefulness, their adaptability and



Hikaru Iwasaki

87. GOLD STAR MOTHERS IN RELOCATION CAMPS

THESE ARE MOTHERS OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS, IN AMACHE, COLORADO, RECEIVING FROM OUR GOVERNMENT GOLD STARS CONFIRMING THE DEATH OF THEIR SONS IN SERVICE. THESE SCENES WERE DUPLICATED IN EVERY CENTER, FOR CAMP MOTHERS AND FATHERS HAD SONS IN MANY BATTLE SECTORS, THE LARGEST NUMBER WITH THE 442ND REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM IN ITALY AND FRANCE.

EVERY ENLISTED MAN IN THE 442ND WAS A NISEI. IN THE RELOCATION CAMPS "ALL COULD HAVE COMFORTABLY SAT OUT THE WAR," BUT, AS AMERICANS, THEY VOLUNTEERED—FROM BEHIND BARBED WIRE—TO WRITE A GLORIOUS CHAPTER IN THE ANNALS OF THEIR COUNTRY'S HISTORY.

BEAUTY BEHIND BARBED WIRE

their talents. In Europe, in the South Pacific, on every front former evacuees are today in uniform fighting beside their brother Americans.

We also believe that our country would achieve something of the meaning of the full use of her available manpower when she encourages the evacuee tradesmen, merchants, farmers and professional men to re-establish themselves in their own fields of endeavor in the communities of their own choice. We ask you, the American people, to try us on our own merits. We are willing and ready to stand or fall by our records, realizing that it is one of the inherent characteristics of the country we love to appraise its people by the contribution they can make toward the total welfare of the nation.

It is our belief that our country wants to fulfill the obligation to itself to permit the unhampered restoration of a group of its own people to their natural and rightful niche in the American scheme of life through an orderly process of evacuee resettlement. In the ultimate analysis the citizen evacuees who are behind these barbed wire fences, through no fault of their own, are not persuaded to resettle by glittering promises of job offers. The important consideration is that they be convinced in their own minds that they are acceptable to American communities as Americans and that in relocation lies their service to their country.

We believe that you are earnestly concerned in the process of revitalizing the American scheme of social structure which recognizes only aristocracy by intellect and by achievement; not through political, religious or racial differences. We believe that on this conviction, America rests her cause in this war.

Now that our eyes are clear again and our hearts are strong again we look forward as Americans with deepened understanding and firm conviction to this New Year when Victory shall come to this country that is yours and mine.

Victory *did* come, not in 1944 as prophesied, but in the middle of the next year, 1945. The wish expressed by the young spokesman for fifty thousand citizens of Japanese ancestry still behind barbed wire—"to join in the drive for victory"—by them had been granted; no finer sacrifice was ever made by a minority group than that of the 442nd Combat Team of Americans of Japanese lineage from Hawaii, the Relocation Camps and other parts of the mainland.

In the American Relocation Camps were the families, sweethearts, friends and neighbors of many of the fighting men; some waiting for the boys to finish the job and come back; others were pushing out in efforts at relocation. President Roosevelt, in a message to Congress in

September, 1943, had promised: "We shall restore to the loyal evacuees the right to return to the evacuated area as soon as the military situation will make such restoration feasible. Americans of Japanese ancestry have shown that they can and want to accept our institutions and work loyally with the rest of us, making their own valuable contribution to the national wealth and well being."

In the President's promise was the final defeat of the pressure forces that had maneuvered the act of evacuation for their own single objective "to get the Japs out and keep them out."

On December 7, 1944, as the President had promised, the ban on the coastal area was finally lifted. But lifting the ban did not, in itself, solve resettlement for those who wished to go back to their old homes and neighbors; there were many impediments and discouragements. At Hood River, Oregon, members of the local American Legion post rubbed out the names of the Nisei heroes on the town honor roll; in Placer County, California, an evacuee's barn was burned to the ground; near Fresno and other places, night riders shot into the homes of newly returned families.

In the Relocation Centers fear began to grip the hearts of those about ready to leave. Instead of going out in family groups to find ways of settling—which would have been too much of a strain for the children—trusted "scouts" were sent out, single men who explored prospective situations; they came back with both good and bad stories of how they had been received, and of prospects for beginning over again. Some residents, encouraged, wrote letters to friends back home, telling them they would return; but many, fearful of what might be in store for them in the West, turned their thoughts and eyes inland toward the East. Scouts and letters were sent into the intermountain and middle states and some to the eastern seaboard. It was understood in the camps that if an evacuee tried hard and could not get settled, he could return to camp to get his bearings, then try again.

Most of the Hood River evacuees owned their own farms.

Their chief problem [reported WRA] was opposition to their return on the part of some of the inhabitants of the Valley. A vigorous campaign to scare them away was launched as soon as the West Coast was opened. Even their friends in Hood River feared for their safety, should they come back. The pioneers, three Nisei who returned to widely separated farms in January, 1946, recall their sense of isolation, their feeling of being in hostile territory. A strange sort of homecoming!

BEAUTY BEHIND BARBED WIRE

One Nisei tells of the long, quiet evenings, too long and too quiet, as he lived alone in the house where he grew up. It helped when a stray dog joined him. He named the dog "Friend." It also helped when the man representing WRA in the Valley called to give him encouragement and assure him that the agency was doing what it could to improve public sentiment. Some of the neighbors he had known all his life treated him all right. . . . After awhile the scare campaign subsided. More neighbors seemed to accept him. He notified the rest of the family to come on out of the center. Other scouts reported and other families arrived. In February, 1946, one man said:

"We are getting along. Some of the orchards are not in very good shape. They weren't taken care of right. Everybody is working hard trying to get them fixed up again. It isn't the way it used to be though. The people in the Valley don't treat us the same as before evacuation. But it's a lot better than it was a year ago and is getting better all the time."

Incidentally, the dog named "Friend" is still with the family whose relocation he aided. He is a tiny factor in the adjustment of the Japanese in Hood River.

To the complete discredit of the ultrapatriotic pressure groups, some of the above incidents attained nationwide publicity; then from east to west, the tide began to turn—voices of protest grew firmer, reducing prejudice, and appealing to reason.

Loyal citizens and officers of the National American Legion Post saw to it that the names of the Hood River Nisei heroes were painted back on the honor roll.

Much credit should go to those cities, towns and rural communities in which citizens' groups were formed to welcome and advise the evacuees who wished to settle in their neighborhoods. After so many months of loneliness and sometimes bitterness, these welcoming hands and friendly voices were indeed heartwarming to the newcomers.

Thousands found new footholds in regions extending from Salt Lake City to the Atlantic seaboard; in Chicago, the Japanese-American population rose from a prewar total of about 250 to a postwar 15,000. At the time of writing, the Japanese American Citizens League estimates roughly that there are about 125,000 persons of Japanese ancestry in the United States. Of the 110,000 evacuated, about 90,000 returned to the West Coast, and about 20,000 settled eastward. After redistribution, the population in Denver rose to about 4,000; Salt Lake City to 3,000; New York, about 3,000. Of those who returned to the



Charles Lynn

88. MR. AND MRS. TAKAHASHI OF JEROME, ARKANSAS

IN THE SUMMER OF 1944, WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN, MR. AND MRS. TAKAHASHI WERE MOVED FROM JEROME, ARKANSAS, WHICH WAS THEN BEING CLOSED, TO ANOTHER WAR RELOCATION CENTER. AT THE TIME, THEY HAD FIVE SONS SERVING IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY: ONE WAS AT CAMP SAVAGE, ONE AT FORT MCCLELLAN, TWO WERE OVERSEAS WITH THE 442ND COMBAT TEAM, AND ONE HAD JUST BEEN ACCEPTED FOR SERVICE. THEIR ONLY DAUGHTER'S HUSBAND WAS ALSO IN THE ARMY.

West Coast, most relocated in cities, since it was difficult to regain possession of farmlands there.

"... we have taken stock of our stake in America and now we are preparing in a new spirit to reestablish ourselves." Signs of this new spirit have been tangible and definite. Important gains have been achieved since the war for this group, largely through the dynamic efforts of their vigorous organizations, sponsored principally by alert Nisei workers.

Authoritative center for all information and counsel pertaining to Japanese-American interests is the Japanese American Citizens League, which has offices in many cities and towns throughout the United States. A weekly newspaper, the *Pacific Citizen*, published at Salt Lake City, is the official organ of the League, the ablest interpreter of American life to the Japanese-Americans, and equally successful in presenting the interests and slants of the Japanese-Americans to other Americans. The editorials in this publication are among the best in the field of American journalism. Also under the direction of the Japanese American Citizens League is an exceptionally fine educational service at the nation's capital, conducted by the Anti-Discrimination Committee, under a National Legislation Director and staff.

In hundreds of ways since their release from evacuation centers, the Nisei have proved their loyalty to the country of their birth, and the Issei to the country of their choice. Whatever diverse opinions may have been held in 1942 on the subject of evacuation, one thing is certain; if we had known our people of Japanese ancestry as well then as we do now, evacuation would never have taken place.

A great American by choice, who came to us from Germany, a friend of Lincoln and a general in the Union Army, Carl Schurz, left this concept of patriotism to his fellow citizens:

My country right or wrong;
If right, to be kept right,
If wrong, to be set right.

When our government, through some act, wrongs a citizen or a group of its citizens, there is no established way by which it can make a retraction. But one of the advantages of a democracy such as ours is that its citizens, individually or collectively; profiting by experience,

can change unjust and unfavorable situations for the better; first, by admitting mistakes where mistakes were made, and then by doing whatever they can to prevent its happening again.

Such a process has been going on ever since evacuation. Thousands of citizens have found ways as individuals and as members of organizations to help right this wrong.

It is gratifying to know that our Congress, during recent years, has passed several laws of great benefit to our Japanese-Americans. "But . . . remember this," wrote Mike Masaoka, National Director of the Anti-Discrimination Committee, in the *Pacific Citizen*: "Not one single gain was made by those who said: 'It can't be done,' and wandered away to do nothing. . . . The successes were realized by those . . . who combined faith and work with determination."

There are a surprising number of people who still believe that the evacuation was justified. Their reasons are often a little hazy, because the event is receding into history, but in general, the arguments fall into three basic "we had to do it because—" groups.

"We had to do it, because the Japanese Americans sabotaged us at Pearl Harbor," say those of one group. Anyone within reach of a public library could quickly inform himself on this point. Several years ago, the Department of Justice issued a public statement, saying, "There was no sabotage by either American or Hawaiian Japanese at Pearl Harbor before December 7, on December 7, or after December 7."

"We had to do it, because of the fifth-column Japanese on our West Coast, waiting to join enemy landing parties," says another. The F.B.I. has cleared this one too by a report that not one conviction of espionage or sabotage on the part of any Japanese-American citizen has ever been obtained.

Members of the third group say, "We had to do it to protect the Japanese." If this statement were true, it would be the most shocking indictment possible of our democracy.

A nation spends millions of dollars to set in motion gigantic, unwieldy machinery for the unprecedented task of separating more than one hundred thousand peaceful and industrious persons from their homes and their livelihoods, then herds them into ten specially constructed barracks cities, surrounded by barbed wire. All this enormous expense, waste of manpower through enforced idleness, betrayal of constitutional rights, spreading of heart-break and confusion—for what?

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According to this group, to protect 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry from a few hundred lawless, greedy and ruthless hoodlums, bent on wresting temporary control of a few towns and communities.

Wouldn't it have been better and cheaper and more just to have protected the law-abiding Japanese by putting the mob element, the lawbreakers, behind barbed wire?

Sometimes we hear a fourth "we had to do it," a last-stand alibi, which runs something like this: "Granting that most of the things we were told about the Japanese were false, and granting that it was proved that there were no disloyal Japanese-American citizens in the area—what with the shock of the war with Japan, the extreme tension and fear of our people, and our state of unpreparedness, was there any other course open for us than to declare a 'military necessity,' and to evacuate these people as a matter of 'public safety'?"

Hawaii, with many times these dangers threatening her, gave the answer to that question. Hawaii, denying that race conditioned allegiance, did not evacuate her citizens of Japanese ancestry, but she weathered the storm successfully, with courage, dignity and honor.

The Japanese population in our evacuated coastal area was about 1 per cent of the entire coastal population; in Hawaii, it was more than 37 per cent. Evacuation was considered necessary on the West Coast because of the possibilities of enemy attack; Hawaii was fifteen hundred miles closer to the center of the enemy operations, but the military there did not, at any time, consider that mass evacuation was a "military necessity."

Hawaii's sense of balance between the civil and military government served her well in this time of crisis. It was, however, a devotion to democracy by those in control which caused Hawaii to retain for all her citizens their rights according to the Constitution of the United States, and by doing so, insuring, during the entire war period, their fullest support for the government. The military governors recognized and respected the principle that every resident of the islands, every individual, was to be considered loyal, unless there was evidence of disloyalty, in which case an accused person would have his hearing and his day in court.

Because of her uncluttered thinking, and her respect for the rights of all her citizens, regardless of ancestry, Hawaii has earned the gratitude of free people everywhere.



John D. Schiff

A NONBOTANICAL ROSEBUSH

AN ASPIRING BUT HESITANT CRAFTSMAN WOULD TAKE HEART AT THIS BEAUTIFULLY CONSTRUCTED YELLOW ROSE BUSH ON LEARNING THAT IT WAS DONE BY A MAN WHO NEVER BEFORE HAD TRIED TO MAKE ANYTHING RESEMBLING NATURE OR AN OBJECT OF ART WITH HIS HANDS. BUT, ADMIRING A ROSE BUSH IN HIS NEIGHBOR'S YARD, HE DECIDED TO HAVE ONE OF HIS OWN.

FOR THE BUDS AND BLOSSOMS HE USED LAKE SHELLS, CAREFULLY SELECTED, WHICH HE TINTED IN A VARIETY OF SHADES. THE LEAVES WERE CUT FROM THIN CLOTH AND STIFFENED WITH GLUE, AND THE SCORES OF THORNS WERE MADE BY HAND AND ATTACHED TO THE BRANCHES.

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In a time of great stress, she remained faithful to her motto:

Righteousness Perpetuates the Life of the Land.

Evacuation and resettlement will always be the two great inseparable elements in this American epic, now taking its place in history. Their full significance can be measured only in terms of individual lives, but, as a part of the human balance, certain truths can by now be clearly discerned: No group of comparable size in our population has ever before established in so short a time a firmer place in our economy and our culture, and in the minds and hearts of many of our people; no group, large or small, in fighting for its own, has been more consistent in defending the rights that have come to us through our founding fathers and the preservers of our liberties; and finally, no group has ever given us a clearer glimpse of how Western life and culture might be enriched and made more secure, by a larger measure of beauty in our daily living.

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